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HOLBORN.—The Season will commence on SATURDAY, November 16, with Hamilton's EXCURSIONS ACROSS THE ATLANTIC AND THROUGH THE UNITED STATES, a journey of 120,000 miles in 120 minutes; and a Grand Panstereorama of Passing Events. Superb and costly scenery by the first London artists. Startling mechanical changes and effects. Music, vocal, and instrumental by a selected, and talented company of artists. The interior has been embellished and a new stage constructed. Full particulars will be duly announced.

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The body of the Hall is reserved exclusively for Gentlemen.

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Proprietor ... J. B. AMOR.

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THE ILLUSTRATED

Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1878.

CIRCULAR NOTES.

AMERICAN journals of sport are fond of inveighing against the slaughter of English battues as unsportsmanlike, but somehow the following, which I cull from a well-known American newspaper, does not sound quite the correct thing:—"The stillness of these glens is broken by the report of the shot-gun, for our sportsmen are out slaying robins in a desperate fashion. It seems a pity to knock the little fellows over so ruthlessly, but they certainly do make very tender, succulent eating when properly cooked." It is true the American robin is a very different bird from the redbreast of our own country, and none of the sacred traditions of the latter are associated with him. But still he is a bird of song, and his slaughter is as unsportsmanlike as that of blackbird and thrush in England.

INDIA has not turned out the El Dorado of lady doctors as was fondly hoped by the "shrieking sisterhood" at home. The Madras Mail, with unfeigned regret, records the melancholy fact that the prospects of the lady doctors in Madras have not turned out as bright as might have been expected, and as the promoters of the movement no doubt anticipated. One would have thought some half-dozen at least of the eighty millions of women whom Dr. Balfour so graphically described as being without trained medical assistance would have gladly availed themselves of the three ladies at their disposal, but we are informed that only one fee has as yet been received amongst them. If

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Hunting Match," when the rustics standing about the ancient cross at its northern end discussed the various arrivals with great gusto and no little suspicion. Turn we now to the second story, that belonging to The Lion Inn:—

THE BLOODY HUNTING MATCH.

The Hundred of Knightlow, in Warwickshire, extends from nearly the centre of the shire to the border of Northampton, and is divided into four divisions, in accordance with the ancient custom when the Hundred was inconveniently large. In one of these is Dunmore-heath, whereon stands the flourishing old village of Dunchurch, which, being in the way to Coventry on the great north road, was in the old days of pack-horses famous for its inns, one of which was the Lion, that long, low, gabled building with overhanging upper story, which is seen in the drawing on page 148. It stood where it still is, on the southern side of an open space beside the church, and in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was much frequented by the wandering traders, whose long lines of heavily-laden mules and horses traversed the country in every direction for the sale of their wares and on their way to the great fairs.

On Monday and Tuesday, the fourth and fifth of November, in the year sixteen hundred and five, the Lion inn was the appointed meeting place of a large body of Warwickshire and other gentlemen, who with their servants and retainers were to take part in a great hunting "match," which appeared to have been somewhat suddenly determined upon. The news created considerable excitement for miles around, and great were the gleeful preparations made at the old inn for the reception of its expected crowd of sporting guests. Sir Everard Digby, of Goathurst, Bucks, and the famous breeder of racehorses, Ambrose Rookwood, Esquire, of Cobham Hall, Suffolk, and newly of Clopton House, close to Stratford, were coming, they being loving friends and co-religionists of the popular projector of this hunt Master Robert Catesby, a gentleman who lived at Lapworth, a place about twelve miles from Stratford. He was a descendant of that great lawyer and faithful minister of the third Richard, who was depicted in the great historical tragedy of his neighbour, William Shakespeare.

Robert Catesby's noble and expressive face, stately bearing, and tall figure were well known at both Stratford and Dunchurch, for this was not the first hunting match of which the Lion had been the appointed rendezvous. He was the owner of extensive estates not only in Warwickshire, but in Oxfordshire and North Hants, a gentleman who had many friends, an open faithful follower of the old creed of his forefathers, although for some time he had been a Protestant. His loving wife Catherine, a daughter of Sir Thomas Leigh, of Stoneleigh, was happily dead at the time of this fatal hunting, the memory of which was destined to be handed down through all time as "The Bloody Hunting Match." His mother belonged to the Throckmortons of Coughton Court, an ancient Warwickshire family distantly related to William Shakespeare, of Stratford-on-Avon, at whose house in New-place the news of this great hunting match was doubtless discussed with no small interest, because so many of their best-known neighbours, and probably many of their personal friends, were to take part in it.

As the time appointed for the hunt drew near, disquieting rumours began to arise; there was so much going to and fro amongst the Roman Catholic gentry—who were always suspiciously watched; so many strange and unusual features connected with the preparation for this hunt; such an alarming getting ready of weapons and armour, with such a desire to do so secretly; such a borrowing of horses, so many strangers coming and going with an irritating air of consequence and mystery, &c. The travelling merchants, who with their long line of pack horses regularly traversed the great north road, added to the growing feeling of uneasiness. It was believed, they said, in London, that some horrible treason was brewing, to which the Secretary of State, Earl of Salisbury, had given King James a clue in con-



MR. LINDSAY SLOPER.

nection with some letter of warning to the young Lord Monteagle, worded in a very cautious manner. This was doubtless discussed at the Lion by the rustics of Dunchurch, and talked of by Master William Shakespeare to his family at Stratford-on-Avon, recalling to his mind that story which, doubtless, he had so often heard his mother tell in the November evenings of his boyhood at their house in Henley-street, the family story of poor Robert Arden.

About five miles from Stratford at Northbrook resided John Grant, esquire, in a secluded and lonely grange or manor-house, strongly built, and protected by a moat. He was an accomplished gentleman, who had suffered for his creed in frequent fines and an endless succession of petty prosecutions and annoyances, whereby he had grown irritable and reserved, silent and melancholy. His wife's brother was Tom Winter, the son of a Worcestershire squire of small estate, a Roman Catholic like himself, who had fought in the wars, a clever resolute fellow, who had also suffered in pocket for his creed. He also had of late been in frequent communication with Master Robert Catesby, as was said, in connection with his project for raising and supporting a Catholic troop of horse soldiers for service in Flanders with the Cardinal Archduke whose cruel hatred of

Protestants was then so well known. They were also actively preparing for the great hunting match at Dunchurch, and about their preparations also was this widely pervading, most disquieting and perplexing air of mystery and mischief. Winter had a friend, with whom he had fought shoulder to shoulder in the Low Countries, and his name was Guy Fawkes, and this man also was amongst those who came and went mysteriously, now visiting one, now another, and always coming from London, where he was lodging at a house in Butcher's-row, Temple Bar.

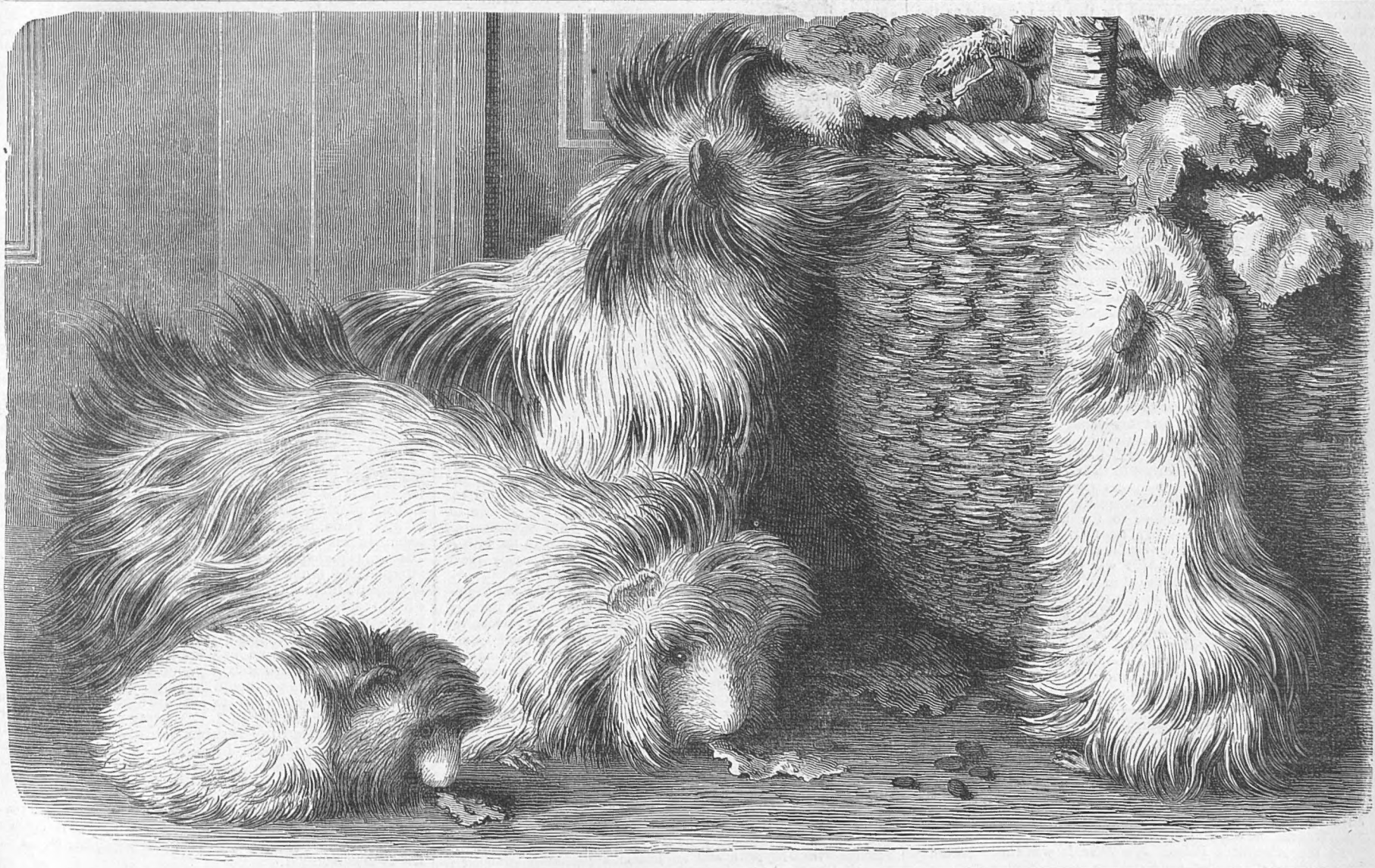
There was much hunting going on at this time. King James, a great lover of the sport, had been hunting daily for some time, indeed it was on his return from a hunting match that Lord Monteagle's letter had been shown him. Huntsmen were assembling, for the great Warwickshire Hunt, at the Bull Inn, Coventry, that in which Mary Queen of Scots was for some little time detained, and that in which Henry VII. had been a guest. There Robert Winter, Humphrey Littleton, Richard York and Gorven were staying. At Dunchurch, a large company was assembled on the day before the Match, and the rustics started to see how much more they looked like soldiers, gravely prepared for some deadly enterprise, than the light-hearted, mirth-loving followers of old English sport. It was strange, too, to note how several of them arrived at the inn after midnight.

But they were hunters for all that, and on the morrow hunting they went, returning from their sport with anxious inquiring looks and strange whisperings and listenings like men who dreaded secret foes and thought their lives endangered. Never before had the natives of Dunchurch seen such curious sportsmen nor so strange a hunting match!

On the next day, November 5th, the gloomy gentlemen prepared for another day's sport, and before midnight such a hunting ensued as they looked not for! For on that day Guy Fawkes was a prisoner, the plot known, and the whole country in arms! By various routes and in desperate haste the conspirators left London. Relays of horses had been prepared. Rookwood was the last to fly. It was eleven in the morning before he mounted, but one by one he overtook the earlier fugitives. At Brick Hill he came up with Catesby and Jack Wright and spurred on with them. Beyond Fenny Stratford they overtook Percy and Kit Wright, who had cast away their cloaks in that desperate race for life, and at six o'clock they at last reached Ashby, Rookwood having ridden the entire distance—81 miles—in less than seven hours. There they found Lady Catesby sitting down to supper with some guests, anxious and nervously apprehensive. A few hurried words told the fearful story. Fresh horses were hastily saddled by torchlight, fresh arms selected and fresh fugitives sprang into saddle. Then out and away they rode through the mist and darkness for Dunchurch, in such desperate haste that no man stayed for his fellow, and some were lost by the way.

At Dunchurch their coming scattered the great crowd of horsemen as if a wintry blast had charged a heap of dead sere leaves. Away they went, helter skelter, some in this direction, some in that—all with the dread of death before them, and such a death as made the boldest tremble and the blood of the more timid run icy cold. George Price, one of the men-servants, afterwards said that he heard, spoken angrily from one of the Lion's casements, the words, "I doubt not we are all betrayed!" But within doors a group still remained behind locked doors in council. What speeches the old walls heard if they had speech we now might hear. Other horsemen arrived singly and in groups, and within a quarter of an hour they and the earlier arrivals all departed, taking the main road to Coventry, and in a little time the village was once more deserted and silent, given up to the mist, darkness, and silence, with now and then a November meteor flitting with fiery shape across the black void above, and the wind sighing in the nearly leafless trees before the now famous inn.

So ended "The Bloody Hunting Match" at Dunchurch.



ANGORA SEA-PIGS.

MUSIC.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

THE representations of Italian Opera at reduced prices have attracted large audiences to H.M. Theatre during the past week, and the performances have in most instances been so meritorious that it becomes difficult to understand why high prices should be charged during the summer "fashionable" season for operatic representations no better in quality than which may now be heard, at theatre prices, at H.M. Theatre. So far as the audiences are concerned, it has been evident that neither the reduction of prices nor the earlier hour of commencement has kept away those members of the aristocracy who are at present in town; and on several occasions, last week, stalls and private boxes were tenanted by illustrious representatives of our nobility. Best of all, however, has it been to behold the enthusiastic crowds which have filled the pit and gallery—genuine lovers of music, all of them; quick to appreciate good art work, prompt in suppressing unwarrantable applause. The sight of a full theatre and an appreciative audience stimulates artists to do their best, and both performers and listeners are benefited; the receipts must now be greater than during the summer season, and should the present series of "operatic performances at reduced prices" prove continuously successful, there seems to be no logical ground on which high prices can be defended when the next summer season arrives.

Among the chief successes of the present season may be mentioned the performance of *Il Don Giovanni*. An apology was made for Madame Pappenheim on the score of indisposition, and as it had not escaped notice that on the first night of the season she was not in full possession of her vocal powers, fears were entertained that she would prove unequal to the arduous rôle of Donna Anna. To the surprise and gratification of the audience, she sang better than on any previous occasion since she was first heard in this country. Her fine voice exhibited no trace of weakness, and she sang the trying music of her rôle with a brilliancy and an energy which elicited hearty and well-merited applause. Mdlle. Valleria, in the exacting rôle of Elvira, displayed the refinement of style and the vocal charm which have long since made her a popular favourite, and Madame Trebelli, as Zerlina, appeared to greater advantage than on any former occasion when she has undertaken that character. We are accustomed to look for a soprano as the representative of Zerlina, but the music is written for a mezzo-soprano voice, and shows the charming quality of Madame Trebelli's silvery tones to remarkable advantage, especially in "Batti, batti, O bel Masetto," which was enthusiastically encored. The Don was Signor Mendioroz, who sang with good taste, but with little dramatic expression. Signor Gillandi, as Ottavio, made a decided success. He has a good voice, and in "Il mio tesoro" (encored) he showed that he is capable of displaying powers of expression and execution with which he had not previously been credited. Signor Roveri, a basso who makes steady progress, sang the Commendatore's music ably, and Herr Behrens was both vocally and histrionically an excellent Leporello. Signor Zoboli's Masetto was histrionically successful. The overture and the orchestral accompaniments were skillfully played by the fine band, under the able direction of Signor Li Calsi, and this performance of Mozart's masterpiece was in many respects more satisfactory than some which were given during the last summer season. The only important difference, so far as the public were concerned, was to be found in the reduced cost of admission; and the public will probably draw the inference that they may economise their outlay by attending the Italian operatic performances at Her Majesty's Theatre while they are cheap, and staying away when they become costly.

Carmen was repeated on Saturday last, with increased success. The choral music was better sung than on the previous Wednesday, and Signor Mendioroz sang better in tune, possibly from increased familiarity with the music of his rôle. Madame Trebelli's second appearance in the title-character confirmed the favourable opinion awakened when she first essayed the rôle of Carmen. In the first and second acts she realised the irrepressible gaiety and recklessness of the character without bringing into prominence its shamelessness and immorality, and for this she is entitled to the thanks of those who believe that the interests of the lyric drama are best consulted by the repression of vulgarity and prurient suggestiveness. We have seen the heroine of *La Traviata* represented by performers who have not hesitated to indicate in the plainest manner the *métier* of that professionally frail personage. Logically, they were right, and partisans of the "realistic" school may defend similarly broad and unabashed portrayals of the shameless vice of Carmen in the congenial society of the gipsies, smugglers, and courtesans who dwell beneath the roof of Lillas Pastia, but, just as we prefer the subdued and refined impersonations of Violetta (in *La Traviata*) given by Adelina Patti and Christine Nilsson to the impudent and unblushing realism of a Piccolomini, so do we prefer the Carmen of Madame Trebelli to the eminently characteristic, but occasionally offensive, representations which have been presented by other exponents of that rôle. Realism must be kept within decent limits, if operas with courtesans for their heroines are to be witnessed by our sisters and daughters. The realistic actor who when he played Othello blackened himself "all over" harmed no one but himself; the realistic actress who, with ostentatious effrontery, portrays the reckless depravity of a fallen woman presents a picture which it is not wholesome for innocent girls to contemplate. All honour, therefore, to Madame Trebelli for the good taste with which she has mitigated the glaringly offensive tints of her rôle, while preserving its light-heartedness and gaiety! On Saturday last her acting in the tragical final scene was characterised by dramatic power and an intensity of emotional expression far greater than she had previously exhibited, and formed a picturesque contrast to the reckless buoyancy of the earlier scenes. It will hardly be necessary to add that her vocalisation was admirable, and that the quality of her charming lower notes imparted full significance to the mezzo-soprano music. *Carmen*, with Madame Trebelli in the title-character, can scarcely fail to prove one of the most powerful attractions of the season.

On Monday last *Der Freischütz* was performed, and Madame Pappenheim, as Agata, made a great and legitimate success. Madame Bauermeister sang and acted delightfully as Annetta, Signor Gillandi was a satisfactory Max, and Herr Behrens, as Caspar, acquitted himself well. On Tuesday *Carmen* was repeated, and on Wednesday *Faust*. On Thursday Mdlle. Marimon made her *entrée* in *La Sonnambula*, too late for notice this week. For to-night *Dinorah* is promised, with Mdlle. Marimon as the peasant heroine and Madame Trebelli as the Goatherd.

M. Rivière's successful Promenade Concert season at Covent Garden will close this evening, when a varied and attractive programme will be provided, and the concert will be given for the "benefit" of the popular and able director. On Monday next an extra concert will be given for the benefit of the acting manager, Mr. Samuel Hayes, whose universal popularity will doubtless ensure a large attendance, and who has secured the aid of Mr. Sims Reeves and other eminent artists.

At the Alexandra Palace *Fra Diavolo* was the "Saturday Night Opera" selected for Saturday last. Madame Blanche Cole being indisposed, the rôle of Zerlina was taken at a moment's notice by Madame Rose Hersee, on her arrival at five p.m. from

her operatic engagement at Manchester. Miss Lucy Franklin, MM. J. W. Turner, George Fox, Arthur Howell, and Rosenthal also took part in the performance, which was ably directed by Signor Tito Mattei. The "Saturday Night Opera" for this evening will be *Der Freischütz*, with Mesdames Rose Hersee and Blanche Cole, Mr. Wilford Morgan, and other popular artists in the principal characters.

The Blackheath Orchestral Society's first concert of the winter season will be given on Monday next at the Blackheath Skating Rink, under the direction of Mr. Alfred Burnett and Mr. G. E. Blunden. Beethoven's C minor Symphony, and his Choral Fantasia, with other important works, will be included in the programme. The principal vocalists will be Madame Rose Hersee and Mr. Walter Clifford, and the pianiste will be Madame Frickenhaus. The choral music in Mendelssohn's "Hear my prayer," and other classical works, will be sung by the choir of the society, and the excellent orchestra will be reinforced by numerous professional instrumentalists.

Mr. Frederic Cowen, it is said, is likely to take up his residence in Paris, in compliance with flattering invitations. It is to be hoped that we may not be altogether deprived of so gifted a musician. Mr. Cowen has done good service to English art, of which he is a conspicuous ornament, and we could ill afford to spare him.

Signor Arditi has had a brilliant reception in New York, and the leading journals of that city concur in saying that the operatic performances given under his direction by Mr. Mapleson's company are the best which have ever been heard in America, so far as ensemble is concerned.

Madame Etelka Gerster, on her arrival in New York, was so unwell from the effects of her voyage across the Atlantic that she was unable to perform. The season commenced with *La Traviata*, in which Miss Minnie Hauk, as Violetta, made a great success, although some of the New York journals point out certain inequalities in her singing.

Signor Candidus, who made a successful début as Florestano, in *Fidelio*, on the opening night of the current season at Her Majesty's Opera, has since been indisposed, and has been recruiting his health at Brighton.

THE DRAMA.

SERMONS IN PLAYS.

IN all ages, from the time when Juvenal lashed it with his scathing satire to the present day, the *scribendi cacœthes*—the "insatiate itch" of scribbling—has been more or less a prevalent epidemic in civilised communities; the more civilised the community the more widespread the epidemic; and a very common accompaniment of this disease has been the *docendi cacœthes*, the "insatiate itch" for teaching, or, more strictly speaking, preaching. Surely there is no one whose experience cannot boast acquaintance with some of those worthy people who seize upon all times and places for didactic purposes, who in season and out of season (the latter especially) are for ever striving to inculcate moral lessons and improve the occasion. Intolerable bores they are under all circumstances, but perhaps never more so than when they endeavour to cloak their design under the guise of amusement. Who does not call to mind the moral story of his school-days, the "goody-goody" tale, in which the boy who "showed a nice mind" and an intelligent disposition, gained all the prizes and got all the good things, while the mischievous and naughty urchin invariably came to grief and was for ever illustrating in his own person the truth of the solemn old adage, "The way of transgressors is hard"? This kind of moral teaching has probably done more to disgust manly and high-spirited lads with respectability and morality than all the so-called "pernicious fiction" that has ever been written. A truer and manlier idea of virtue and morality has shown itself among the present generation; but still there are numbers who will not forsake the old faith, and there are scores of these moral preachers who fancy that they are teaching high moral lessons, that they are improving the tone of society, that they are exercising a purifying and ennobling influence by ringing innumerable changes upon the hackneyed old text, "Virtue alone is happiness below."

Strange to say this wretched old system of moral teaching is specially in vogue among dramatists. They have some vague notion that it is the correct thing to endeavour to raise the public taste, to show the beauty of virtue and the ugliness of vice. The consequence is they put a series of fulsome panegyrics of virtue and rabid tirades against vice into the mouths of one or two of their characters, tack on a time-worn moral to the end of the piece, and fancy that every one who witnesses it must go away a better man. There is a general propensity just now to trifle with vice, to lift the veil a little bit to have a peep at it—merely to see what it is like, of course—as for being on any closer terms with it Society shudders at the thought. But there can surely be no harm in virtuous people taking a glimpse at *les autres*, just to see what those horrid creatures really do with themselves. Innocence is out of fashion just now; it is dubbed ignorance, and to be innocent is a slur rather than otherwise upon a man's or woman's reputation. Everyone aspires to the wisdom of the serpent, but not in combination with the harmlessness of the dove. This morbid curiosity in society is carefully fostered by a certain class of novelists and dramatists. They lift the veil which separates purity from pollution, they gratify their patrons by presenting them with some very racy pictures, and then they claim to be moral teachers because a little sickening and stupid sermonising is introduced, because a few well-timed moral sentiments are introduced, because a little canting virtue is declaimed, and because the principal villain is foiled in the last scene. The morals of a community cannot be in a very healthy state when there is such inquisitiveness to pry into the lives of rakes and harlots. And matters are not likely to be improved when the stage is made a peep-show, where one can pay to see an admirable and life-like representation of the chief ornaments of the aristocracy of vice. Those who are familiar with the history of the London stage during the past ten years will easily recall instances of the class of drama to which we refer.

But these are dramas in which it is miserable hypocrisy to pretend that any moral end is aimed at, or any effect but an immoral one produced. There are, on the other hand, plays in which the playwright really and honestly seeks to convey a moral lesson, but fails because he makes the moral too apparent and labours too tediously to raise an enthusiasm for virtue. The virtuous business is almost always overdone. The contrast between a hero and heroine who is preternaturally good and a villain who is preternaturally bad, does not move the audience to sympathy with virtue or indignation against vice, for the reason that such broad contrasts do not occur in actual life. Mankind are not divided into angels and devils; there is a certain amount of good and evil mixed in every human being; in some the good preponderates, in others the evil; the ordinary dramatist, especially in the melodramatic line, appears to forget this. The fact is, no man can write a play which shall have a really beneficial effect on an audience unless he has in him, purged of all cant, a genuine sympathy with and an honest appreciation of what is beautiful and good in human nature. The morality and virtue which are donned for the occasion, in deference to the ethical rules by which Society professes to be guided, are always easily

detected as spurious and never have the ring of the true meta about them.

Now there are plays which do a man good, which stir the better feelings in his nature, which make him feel that he is not all bad, which make him wish, perhaps, that he were not so bad as he is. Of what kind are these plays? They are not those in which great moral principles are for ever being forced upon his notice, but they are those which are characterised by a healthy and a natural tone throughout. There are no impossible heights of virtue, no unfathomable depths of villainy. He recognises in each character a man and a brother, and whatever of sorrow or of suffering there may be, goes home to his heart and stirs an answering chord there. There is an indescribable something in the piece which touches him and raises him, for the time at least, into a purer moral atmosphere. He cannot tell you exactly what it is, but he owns the effect, and the silent influence steals upon him and works quietly in his thoughts. Such plays are rare, but they are those which best illustrate the moral uses of the drama, and prove that it is capable of exercising an elevating influence, and there can scarcely be any playgoer who has not experienced the effect which they produce.

Looking at the matter from the moral pedagogue's point of view it is no doubt desirable as far as possible to make all amusement rational. But it is absurd to be always prating about combining instruction with amusement. The two may be happily combined sometimes, but it is useless and foolish to try to force them into perpetual companionship. Instruction is surely not such a nauseous medicine that it must always be taken in some savoury mixture to destroy the disagreeable taste. And just as it is necessary that instruction should on some occasions be imparted pure and simple, without any extraneous attractions to make it more palatable, so also it is politic to provide on some occasions pure amusement with no element of instruction in it; though it must not therefore be implied that it should be utterly senseless and irrational. Those who are perpetually crying out that instruction should never be separated from amusement would, if they had their way, rob amusement of its very essence and nullify the effects which it is intended to produce. There is an instance on record of a worthy gentleman of this persuasion, John Rastall by name, who cherished the fond idea that the stage might be made a vehicle for conveying "scientific instruction, and accordingly in the year 1517 produced a "morality" or "moral" play entitled *The Nature of the Four Elements*, in which he attempted to carry his didactic principle into practice. Of course he failed. Imagine any one attempting now to produce a dramatised version of "Joyce's Scientific Dialogues!" This appears absurd enough, but it is only carrying the doctrine of sermons in plays to its logical extreme. Indeed, we are not sure that a scientific disquisition delivered on the stage would not be preferable to some of the prosy moral declamations to which we are often treated on the modern boards.

Sermons, then, are out of place in plays, except those silent sermons to which allusion has been made, where the whole play is the text, and the spectator's own heart the preacher. It must not, however, for a moment be supposed that we advocate a style of drama from which the playgoer draws merely

A momentary pleasure, never marked
By reason; barren of all future good.

The inanities of burlesque are quite as distasteful to us as the prosy cant of the moralistic melodrama. But we hold that there is only one way in which the dramatist can become a teacher of morals, and that is by extracting from human passion, from sorrow and suffering, from subtle but true pictures of actual life "a power to virtue friendly"—thus teaching men by his imaginative realities how they may the better know what should be their true dealings with the principles and passions of their fellow-beings and of themselves.

"MACBETH" AT DRURY LANE.

ONE feature of the most recent revival of *Macbeth* at Drury Lane will make it especially memorable—Mrs. Hermann Vezin's interpretation of Lady Macbeth. However much opinions may differ regarding this performance in some of its minor details it cannot be otherwise regarded than as a signal triumph over conventionality. The time has long gone by when it was at all necessary to point out Mrs. Vezin's merits as a legitimate actress. Nevertheless having seen her for the first time in the great test part of Lady Macbeth, we cannot refrain from recording our admiration of so excellent a rendering of so difficult a character. The struggle which is now going on between conventionality and nature in acting is most emphatically illustrated just now upon the stage of Drury Lane Theatre. Nature, as represented by Mrs. Vezin, has, if the popular verdict be worth anything, got it all her own way. It is possible that critics might with some show of reason argue that the naturalness in this instance is carried too far. It may be said that after all the purpose of art is to improve upon or elevate human nature, and that just as the language put by Shakespeare into the mouth of such a character as Lady Macbeth is elevated above the common speech, so the actress's utterance of that language ought to be invested with a degree of artificial dignity. That this is the view taken by many we are aware. And it is in her delightful defiance of such trammels that the unmistakable native genius of Mrs. Hermann Vezin makes itself felt. Let it be called a domestic Lady Macbeth, having less of the queen in her than of the woman, and this we conceive to be the highest praise that can be bestowed upon it. At all events, we are happy to acknowledge that in witnessing Mrs. Vezin's interpretation of the Thane of Cawdor's wife we were able to recall that feeling of surprise and admiration which filled us when in boyhood we first made the acquaintance of this superb creation in the pages of what John Philip Kemble used to call his "belov'd Shakespeare." For the rest the performance of *Macbeth* at Drury Lane is strictly conventional, and this fact probably makes more prominent the intense naturalism of Mrs. Vezin, though it must practically handicap her considerably. In his delivery of the blank verse Mr. John Ryder, as Banquo, is perhaps after Mrs. Vezin the least artificial, albeit his interpretation of the character is otherwise bound in the manacles of stage tradition. Of Mr. Charles Dillon's Macbeth it is difficult to speak critically and at the same time justly. We have stated our repugnance to conventionality in plain enough language, and Mr. Dillon's performance is eminently conventional. But viewed from his stand-point, which has been that of many great tragedians, it is a performance full of carefully-considered points, and we should be sorry, whatever our own taste may be in the matter, not to acknowledge its excellence in its kind. The Macduff of Mr. J. C. Cowper was vigorous. Mr. E. Compton, in the part of Malcolm, seemed a little constrained, but spoke his lines with intelligence and feeling. The supernatural characters were excellently represented, and the entire musical portion of the play as efficiently carried out as anyone could wish. We could imagine the scenery of *Macbeth* to an extent relieved the darkness and gloom that lies upon the vast stage of Drury Lane. In this respect the revival is again conventional. Nevertheless, the lovers of legitimate drama ought not to miss seeing it.

At the Park Theatre on Saturday, November 9th, will be produced W. S. Gilbert's successful fairy comedy, entitled *The*

Palace of Truth, in which Miss Caroline Hill will play her original part. Mr. Arthur Wood is also specially engaged.

We exceedingly regret to hear that Mr. Phelps, the eminent tragedian, is very seriously ill. As the public are aware by the announcements, he was about to give a series of performances at Drury Lane—farewell performances. And to witness once more those performances is a treat we have been looking forward to with great interest.

Mr. Sothorn has also been obliged to throw up his engagements owing to ill-health and the imperative commands of the doctor.

We hear that Mr. Frank Hall is writing the Christmas piece for the Alhambra. What becomes of Mr. Albery's piece?

Miss Jenny Worrell, a clever burlesque actress, is engaged to play Jack in the Surrey pantomime, *The House that Jack Built*. Mr. W. Saurin Lyster, the popular manager of the Royal Opera House, Melbourne, is at present in London, having come to Europe for his health's sake.

MISS EMILY MOTT, daughter of the late esteemed Superintendent Mott, announces her sixth evening concert at St. George's Hall, for Thursday, November 21, when the following artists will appear:—Vocalists: Mrs. Osgood, Madame Blanche Cole, Madame Patey, Miss Emily Mott, Mr. W. Shakespeare, Mr. John Child, Mr. Walter Clifford, and Mr. Maybrick. Solo pianoforte, Miss Lily Mott.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

THE OLD SCHOOL OF ACTING AND THE NEW.

SIR,—A critic dealing briefly with Mr. Charles Dillon's *Macbeth* in the *Daily Telegraph*, thinks "it is sufficient to say that the actor hands carefully down to the present day those traditions of the old provincial school which the stage archaeologist would do well to note before they pass into oblivion."

The old, provincial school, from which came the noblest and greatest actors London ever knew, has of late years had more than its share of abuse, and I think it is high time that something was said on the other side, in order that its real traditions may not "pass into oblivion," and that our successors may not scornfully denounce as the traditions of their day that lounging carelessness, languid indifference, and common-place air of ordinary conversation devoid of all intensity, passion, spirit, or earnestness, that limp washed-out thing which some call "the New School of Acting." Please think about it. I have not seen Mr. Dillon's *Macbeth*, but if he acts the part instead of talking it I could forgive many absurd mannerisms of speech or actions and endure seeing once more many things which age has made familiar, rather than I could bear again the irritating presence of our numerous talking dolls on the stage of to-day. I feel sure that whatever it is it could not surpass in absurdity the *Shylock* I saw by an actor of the new school, who ignored "traditions of the old provincial school" at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, or be more full of dramatic misconceptions than was *Macbeth* when played by one who mingles old and new in much admired confusion, viz., Henry Irving. Of the former performance you may remember that the *Times* described it as "an attempt to foist one of the strongest plays that Shakespeare ever wrote into the region of commonplace comedy."

The new school is popular with a certain class of persons on the stage, because as talkers they succeed where as actors they would fail, and from the Press derive encouragement because dramatic criticism has followed in the wake of a species of criticism once fashionable, and still represented in the worlds of art and literature, as long before it was, and still is, in politics.

According to certain self-sufficient revolutionary representatives of this phase of criticism now writing on the daily and weekly press, the real business of the present is to obliterate the past, and begin everything *de novo*. Traditions of all kinds, whether they be those of art, literature, or government, are to be blotted out at once and for ever. Intellectual edifices which owe their being to the labours of successive generations of wise and able builders, all earnestly working with one end in view and to the best of their ability, are to be ruthlessly thrown down and at once rebuilt. We are not content to be the workers on other men's foundations, the mere improvers of other men's ideas; we, forsooth, must be creators, founders, real originators. Whatever our works may be, let them be at least altogether, from foundation to roof-tree, our own, free and independent. And let those who come after us adopt the same wise plan. Then we shall progress.

In accordance with this popular journalistic spirit, our art critics have some years past denounced art traditions, calling upon painters to ignore the study of works built up on traditions by Rubens, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Van Dyck, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Wilkie, and others of that ilk, and depend exclusively and entirely upon themselves. Political critics of this stamp would go back to first principles, and reconstruct society, and, following in their steps, dramatic critics urge actors to ignore traditions handed down from the mighty achievements of Betterton, Macklin, Garrick, Siddons, the Sheridans, the Kembles, and the Keans, with all their followers, however great they may have been, and depend exclusively upon their greater selves. We have not yet gone so far as to tell our playwrights to ignore Shakespeare, but our actors are to go into a new land and be their own pioneers—erect for themselves cities which shall exceed in beauty and power the countries which centuries have been occupied in cultivating, and the capitals which have required the labours of many generations for their gradually-accomplished perfection. Let them do it, if they can, says your obedient servant,

A PROVINCIAL EX-ACTOR.

"A FALSE STEP."

SIR,—No doubt you are by this time as heartily sick of the discussion on "A False Step" as I am, now that I find it is impossible to discuss a wide question which generally affects dramatic art without seeing it dragged through the mire of miserable personalities; but you will, perhaps, allow me in my self-defence to reply briefly to the strictures of your reviewer, who has occupied himself more with misrepresentations of what I said than with criticisms on what Mr. Arthur Matthison wrote. Starting with the (to my mind) utterly erroneous and unjustifiable hypothesis that the heroine of Mr. Matthison's play "commits adultery for the sake of a new bonnet," he proceeds to drag in comparisons between my supposed ideas of the ladies' English society and "the standpoint of the Argyll Rooms"—a form and tone of argument which I do not propose to imitate. I can only repeat what I implied at the outset of this discussion:—1. That I believe, without offence, that Mrs. Prendergast do exist in society of the present day. 2. That I cannot see that there is any evidence in "A False Step" that Mrs. Prendergast—fictitious or not—was guilty of any crime more serious than vanity—that she was in fact as I said before, "more vain than vicious." 3. That I cannot trace the existence of any "adultery" whatever in the play, no scene implying adultery, no word proving adultery. 4. That whether Mrs. Prendergast is real or fictitious, an entity or a sham, there is not the slightest justification for stating

or implying that I said, or even hinted, or thought that the ladies of English society, or that the ladies of society as I see it, whether Mrs. Prendergast's or not, have anything in common with those who frequent the "Argyll Rooms;" or that my belief in the existence of social vanity and frivolity implies a gross and unpardonable disrespect for female society at large; or that I have ever written one word to justify the assertion that I have "bolstered up indecency." Such a deduction from the text of my letter to Mr. Matthison I believe to be unjustifiable in its exaggeration, and I trust unintentionally uncandid towards, your obedient servant,

London, October 25, 1878.

CLEMENT SCOTT.

CLIPPING HORSES.

SIR,—This being the season at which the thick winter coats of horses are usually cut short, or clipped, I wish to suggest to owners of carriage-horses that they would find it advantageous to leave the legs of the animals unclipped. The horses would then be less liable to mud-fever, and other complaints which are brought on by the legs being unprotected in wet weather. It does not, in my opinion, spoil the appearance of horses to be thus partially clipped. If the legs of a horse are clipped, it is sometimes difficult to keep up a moderate degree of warmth in the legs when he is in the stables. To put bandages on them is rather troublesome. Horses should not be clipped after the first week in November. If it is done at a later date the horse has not a sufficient covering during the months of January and February. The hair continues to grow a little until the end of December. The mode of clipping which I recommend is adopted with our own horses.—I am, sir, yours, &c.

London, October 29, 1878.

X. Y. Z.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

MRS. GEORGINA WELDON.

MRS. GEORGINA WELDON, whose portrait we have the pleasure of presenting to our readers this week, has appeared before the public in many capacities. Her career has been a remarkable and chequered one, and in every phase of her life she has given evidence of the possession of original talent and strong individuality. It would not be becoming here, however, to give a sketch of Mrs. Weldon's life, we shall confine ourselves to one section of it—the establishment of the well-known orphanage, at Tavistock House, Tavistock-square. The eldest daughter of a rich country gentleman, Miss Treherne (Mrs. Weldon) created considerable excitement on her first introduction into London Society. Her personal attractions and her rare gifts as a vocalist made her exceedingly popular, and for several years no fashionable musical *soirée* was considered complete without her presence. "I was in society then," says Mrs. Weldon, in the History of her Orphanage, "what Miss Robertson is now, and I was not a poor clergyman's daughter singing for a charity; I was a rich country gentleman's eldest daughter with a prospect of £7,000 or £8,000; and for twelve or thirteen years Miss Treherne, afterwards Mrs. Weldon, had enchanted London Society by her 'charming singings,' morning, noon, and night. No one was so good-natured (the general term applied to an amateur fond of or coerced into showing off), no one was so clever, no one was so gifted as Miss Treherne. 'She was coming!' Parties were made up, dinners given to the highest, the best, the most fashionable in the land. Their Ladyships, their Lordships—nay, their Royal Highnesses themselves—were safe to be amused! 'Miss Treherne would be there!'" It is likely enough that Mrs. Weldon would have continued her fashionable life but for the appearance of Gwendoline Jones upon the scene. Gwendoline Jones was a Welsh maiden, the daughter of a poor Welsh rector, who believed that she had the gift of singing, and could earn a livelihood by it could she only obtain proper instruction. She came to Mrs. Weldon for advice. Mrs. Weldon persuaded Randegger to give the girl a trial, but having heard her twice he told Mrs. Weldon candidly that her *protégée* "had no voice, and the little she had was false." As a last resource Mrs. Weldon resolved to teach Gwendoline Jones herself, and the result was a success. Then Mrs. Weldon took Gwendoline's three sisters in charge, and taught them too, at her own expense. This was the nucleus of the well-known Orphanage in Tavistock-square. In order to keep up her generous hobby, Mrs. Weldon became a public singer, and devoted the proceeds of her professional labours to the furtherance of her Orphanage, the object of which is to give a musical education to orphan girls possessing musical talent, but too poor to provide instruction for themselves. Charles Gounod, with whom Mrs. Weldon was at one time closely associated, wrote thus of the Orphanage in 1874 in the introduction to his *Itala*:—

"It is to one of these, more humble, but not less courageous, representatives of patient and indefatigable devotion that I desire to consecrate the profits (however modest or abundant they may be) of the sale of this piece of music. Mrs. Weldon, whose daily inexhaustible charity I grow to revere more and more, has consecrated her life to the material guardianship and to the musical instruction of poor children, whom her maternal care seeks to protect by education, trade, and the resources of talent against the trials and dangers of an artist's life. Her little *Nursery* of to-day wants culture and help to enable it to become an *Orchard*. Providence, who ever blesses the courage of faith and the tears of compassion, will not refuse her aid, and the woman who piously strives to establish this noble institution will, I trust, ere the hour of her funeral, reap the joyful and consoling fruits, the blessing and reward of her generous undertaking."

By dint of great exertion Mrs. Weldon has been able to support her Orphanage with but little assistance from outsiders. Her "Monday Sociable Evenings" at the Langham Hall are pleasant *réunions*, which help towards the funds of the Orphanage, and obtain for her the publicity which her charitable scheme requires. Nor must we omit to add that Mrs. Weldon is the author of many successful musical compositions which we have not space to enumerate. On Tuesday evening next, as already announced, Mrs. Weldon will deliver an address at St. James's Hall on "The Lunacy Laws" and a recent trial in which she was deeply interested. These are matters which it does not come within our province to treat of, but we may, in conclusion, express our hope that Mrs. Weldon may receive the patronage which she unquestionably deserves.

LINDSAY SLOPER.

OUR portrait of the popular composer and musician, Mr. Lindsay Sloper, is from a photograph by Bertin, of Brighton. Our space being this week limited, we will not trace Mr. Sloper through all the earlier successes of an active musical career, but confine our statements to the simple facts that his name has long been associated with the chief performances of the greatest artists—Grisi, Mario, Albani, Madame Sainton-Dolby, &c.—that in 1870 he accompanied Mr. Santley and his company to the United States, where his high merit was enthusiastically recognised, and where in the succeeding twelvemonths he played at not less than 130 concerts given in America and Canada. Mr. Sloper has been the accompanist at the series of high-class concerts given by M. Riviere, which close this evening, and has quite recently composed an orchestral piece which will be produced by Kuhe at the forthcoming Brighton Festival.

"THE LOVERS OF VERONA" AT THE THEATRE LYRIQUE, PARIS.

THE first representation of this opera took place recently in a very crowded and brilliant house. Our artist has made drawings of some of the most important scenes, and which we now place before our readers. No. 1. The balcony scene in the second act, in which a very beautiful duet between Romeo and Juliet occurs. No. 2. The scene in the fifth act, in which Romeo, thinking Juliet is dead, throws himself down in despair at the foot of the tomb in which she is lying asleep. No. 3. The scene in the third act, where the Montagues and Capulets are exchanging menaces and threats, and the duel between Romeo and Tybalt takes place.

GOETHE AT THE GRAND DUCAL COURT OF WEIMAR.

THE life of the great shining light of German literature, John Wolfgang Goethe, poet, philosopher, and dramatist, is full of points, having the deepest interest for both students and general readers, and the fine double-page engraving which has its place in this week's issue represents an incident of probably frequent occurrence at the Court of Saxe-Weimar-Eisenbach, the Athens of Germany, where he was loaded with honours. There the direction of the theatre was confided to his care, and the *chefs d'œuvre* of Schiller and his own great dramatic poems—one or the other of which he is probably represented as reading in the presence of the Grand Duke—were produced. Goethe was born on the 28th of August, 1749, and died on the 22nd of March, 1832. His remains were deposited in the Grand Ducal Court at Weimar, close to those of Schiller.

THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE.—AT THE RED POST.

OUR artist's drawing represents an exciting period in the struggle for the Cambridgeshire. Thunderstone has just fallen back, beaten, and Isonomy, in company with Tallos, Placida, Touchet, and Hampton, are closing with La Merveille, who has been for some little time in front. The lot are nearly abreast, and the final spurt, which is to prove who shall be the winner, is just commencing, a quarter of a mile from home.

A QUIET NOOK FOR THE PHEASANTS.

HAPPY the "long-tail" that in English pheasant-coverts can strut with as complete a sense of security as the noble cock in our drawing. But November seldom allows the pheasant to enjoy his quiet nook in peace. The falling leaf is the signal of his doom, and so soon as the trees are bare the crack of the breech-loader will disturb every nook in the woodlands, and leave very little quiet for him and his sober-plumaged spouse this side of Christmas.

A FAMOUS HOSTELRY.

No one who has ever hunted with the North Warwickshire can fail to be familiar with Dunchurch, and to many also who hunt with the Atherstone the name is like a household word. The "Lion" is not such an imposing hostelry externally as the "Dun Cow," but it has more romantic historical associations—for a full, true, and particular account of these the reader is referred to an article accompanying the sketch on page 148.

THE GLASGOW BANK FAILURE.

OUR interesting page of portraits and sketches commemorative of this disastrous failure is explained in an article from the artist's pen, which will be found on page 155.

ANGORA SEA-PIGS.

THE name Angora, as applied to the species of sea-pig shown in our illustration, implies simply long-haired. Animals of its class are lively, intelligent, and active, swim well, and at the slightest approach of interruption vanish swiftly into their hiding places. They are extremely interesting, and to watch their gambols is a constant source of amusement.

THE silver race cups, plate, sporting pictures, library, &c., of the late Mr. George Payne were sold on Tuesday by auction by Messrs. Phillips and Son at 73, New Bond-street. There was a large gathering of the aristocracy and sporting men generally, and the competition for the veriest trifles, down to whips, battered hunting horns, and sticks, was eager in the extreme. Amongst the pictures, "The Meet of the Pytchley Hunt," by Fernley, realised 310 guineas, and "The Run," by the same artist, containing the portraits of a number of distinguished sportsmen, fetched 200 guineas. An equestrian portrait of the late George Payne was run up to 105 guineas, whilst a portrait of "Rapid Rhone," by Harry Hall, and "Charles XII.," by Laporte, fetched 27 and 40 guineas respectively. A number of portraits of other distinguished racehorses realised equally high prices. Amongst the contents of the library 198 volumes of the "Racing Calendar" were sold for £14, Johnson's "Racing Calendar" and the "Stud Book" for £7, and thirty-one volumes of early books on horseracing, commencing from 1732, were, after sharp bidding, knocked down for £12. Two watches and a gold whistle realised respectively £19, £12, and £3. Amongst the plate, a double-handled racing cup, weighing 122 ounces, fetched £195 4s., or 32s. 3d. per ounce. "The Farnborough Cup," embossed with figures of horses, the cover surmounted with group of mare and foal, 106 ounces, brought £50, or 9s. 3d. per ounce. A "Welter Cup," in the form of a vase, richly embossed, and gilt inside, the handles designed as horses, 59 ounces, £44, or 15s. per ounce. A centre-piece, with two figures supporting a basket, 155 ounces, £55. "A Double-handled Cup," weighing 25 ounces, realised £20, or 16s. per ounce; and a handsome seven-light candelabrum, scroll design, with dogs at base (presented by the gentlemen of the Pytchley Hunt), weighing 215 ounces, sold for £63. The remaining silver, about 800 ounces, averaged about 7s. per ounce. There were 132 lots offered, and the sale realised upwards of £3,000.

THE statistics of New South Wales give some very remarkable figures. With its population of 662,000 there is a horse to every two inhabitants, nearly 50 sheep, 6 cattle, and about 200 acres of land. The returns from which we make this rough calculation sets down the acreage at 207,000,000, and this supports 25,000,000 sheep, 3,000,000 head of cattle, 360,703 horses, and 173,604 pigs. The manufacturing industries are exceedingly well supported, and add an important item to the colonial revenue. Among other industries enumerated, we may mention that during 1877 New South Wales supported 150 steam flour mills, 48 establishments for the manufacture of agricultural implements, 17 salting and meat-preserving depots, and 148 harness and saddle manufactories. By the way, we observe that this thriving colony is to hold an international exhibition, at Sydney, in August, 1879, under the supervision of the Agricultural Society. Among the sections in which medals and prizes will be awarded is one for "food and cattle foods."

MR. JOHN BAUM, the late proprietor of Cremorne Gardens, was on Tuesday charged with his solicitor, Mr. John Evans, with falsifying his accounts while before the Court of Bankruptcy, and forging a bill of exchange. After examining witnesses at considerable length, the case was adjourned until Tuesday next.



GOETHE AT THE GRAND



DUICAL COURT OF WEIMAR.

TURFIANA.

OXFORD, who may be said to have founded the fortunes of the Yardley Stud, was shot early in last week, and, so far as we are aware, he was the very last of the direct descendants of Irish Bird-catcher, Saunterer having gone over to the majority earlier in the autumn. The handsome chestnut, who leaves behind him a still handsomer successor in Sterling, was no great shakes as a race-horse, though he did contrive to bustle up some of the cracks when a two-year-old, but he very soon "went a-plating," and it will be remembered that he dates back to "Thormanby's year," so he may be said to have attained the equine age corresponding to the "three score years and ten" allotted to the human race. His first years at the stud were not altogether prosperous, and we believe that it was when he stood at Croft Paddocks that the first real chance was given him, when Mr. Merry determined to try him for Blanche of Middlebie, one of the finest-bred and grandest-looking mares in England in her day, and a good performer to boot, for she ought to have beaten her stable-companion, Sunbeam, for the St. Leger in 1858. The result of this alliance was Student, one of the finest as well as fastest colts of his year, and a Russley winter Derby favourite, until he gave way during his preparation for the Two Thousand Guineas. Sterling was Oxford's next "great card," and it will be duly noted that his dam is bred very much after the fashion of Blanche of Middlebie, only reverse ways, the latter being by Melbourne out of a Touchstone mare, while Whisper is by a son of Touchstone from a daughter of the famous old brown. Besides this distinguished pair, Oxford can also lay claim to Blenheim, Playfair, Nuneham, and the evergreen Oxonian, who is still fresh enough to win selling plates; and the stock of the Yardley sire have invariably shown fine speed, though their staying powers may justly be called in question. In the last few seasons Oxford has shown signs of failing, but his place has been well filled by Sterling, who will doubtless be all the rage next season in the breeding world.

A very large draft from Count de Lagrange's stable has been sold in Paris, but there is no foundation whatever for the rumour that a retirement from the turf is contemplated by the head of the leading French stable. The Count's agreement with M. Lefevre has come to an end, and is not likely to be renewed, so that each will now race independently, and it will be noticed that M. Lefevre has entered horses in his own name for some of the principal "races to come." Whether we are to see the tricolour again in England, however, does not seem by any means certain, though the produce of the *haras* at Chamant is sure to find its way across the Channel, there not being employment enough in France for so formidable a contingent.

The *Calendar* teems with advertisements of blood-stock for sale, remnants of yearling strings, and stallions "out of collar"; but despite the fact that breeders had to put up with indifferent prices last season, we do not hear of any really high-class sires or mares coming into the markets, a pretty sure sign that there is still some balm left in Gilead, and that breeders are taking comfort from the oft-repeated assurance that things will be better another year. We wish we could think so, but the outlook is not a very promising one, and clouds on the political horizon portend ill to sport as well as to trade, and by the state of the latter may invariably be gauged the prosperity of the former.

As usual, the market is overdone with stallions, which are not good enough to tempt hirers or buyers, and Lord Falmouth seems to have made up his mind for a weed out—Andred, Great Tom, and King Ban being the three now offered, and all have plenty of size and bone. The Rake is once more going a begging, after his flash-in-the-pan last spring, and Coltness, Tassel, Typhoeus, and Hidalgo are probably to be had on easy terms, while Outpost, Clanronald, and Botheration have long been out of places.

Mr. Hume Webster is early in the field with his stallion advertisement, and Soapstone, See-Saw, and Craig Millar will "receive" at Marden Deer Park for the ensuing season. See-Saw has done very well, considering that no one would look at him when he stood at Cobham close to his much-abused relation, Wild Oats, and we fancy there is a good future before the compact son of Buccaneer, provided he gets suitable mares of really good class. We have always been great believers in the Defence blood, a strain of which comes to See-Saw through old Margery Daw, and though not so good a stayer as Kisber, the brown shows infinitely more quality, and he gets strong, square-built, active foals, though not overdone in the matter of length. Soapstone is a very peculiar horse, and unlike anything we have seen; but his yearlings have fetched wonderful prices, and are precisely suited to the class of purchasers who go in for "a lot for the money," on the principle of good big ones being better than good little ones. We shall not see Craig Millar's foals until next year, but Mr. Crawford dowered the St. Leger winner with some of his choicest mares last spring, just to give him a start in life, which is the only course for an owner who intends to "make" his horse early in life. Craig Millar stands squarer on his legs, and is more compactly moulded together than most of Blair Athol's sons, and we are credibly informed that he has let down, lengthened out, and furnished, so as to be hardly recognisable for the rather short and cobby gentleman which Alec Taylor led in a winner on Doncaster Town Moor. He has a good deal of the Orlando quality about him, which we like to see in a Stockwell horse, showing as it does that the fine strain has prevailed to the exclusion of the coarser; and as yet no very great encouragement has been given to upholders of the Stockwell blood through his sons, except in the case of Blair Athol, and he has had nothing like the success of his sire.

Touching lightly on the sport, hitherto unnoticed, of the last three days' racing at Newmarket, and taking up the thread of our narrative, dropped at the close of Wednesday's racing, the first noticeable feature in the card of Thursday we find to be the Free Handicap Sweepstakes, the outcome of Messrs. Weatherby's annual "putting together" of the three-year-old element before the commencement of the campaign in which they are to figure as horses of that age. The race turned out the "moral" it appeared for Lord Clive; Insulaire, that Yellow Jack of his year, being second, and the hapless little black has certainly had his full share of work this season. The moderate Leoville could only just upset the still more moderate Leona in a Sweepstakes; and Squeaker disposed of Bowness and Lansdown cleverly enough in the Troy Stakes, and his sire, who is a mere pony, will be remembered as a useful plater in his day. Discord was bound to win the Houghton Stakes after the glimpses of good form shown by him previously, but Indigo and the penalized Alchemist were the best he beat, though Muley Edris, High and Mity, and Amice have all earned winning brackets. Breadfinder, carrying the top weight, justified his name for Captain Macell in winning the Brethby Nursery; and Jagellon, thanks to the fine handling of Fordham, got the best of Inval in the Dallingham Handicap. On Friday, Out of Bounds repeated the Breadfinder performance, carrying top weight in the Old Nursery Handicap; and Ecossais beat Trappist in the All Aged Stakes, the temper of the latter having gone at last, and verily he has done yeoman's service for Captain Prime in his day, and should be an acquisition to the stud. Rayon d'Or had

nothing better than Ringleader and Glencairn to beat in the Glasgow Stakes, and much of the interest which would otherwise have attached to the Jockey Club Cup was taken away by the fact of a strong "paper" opposition coming to the post in a weak or disorganised state, for neither Hampton nor Verneuil were in their best trim, whereas Silvio came fresh and well trained to the post, and had nothing more formidable to settle at the finish than the ever-ready Insulaire, who may as well be stereotyped as "2" for any race in which he competes. In Chocolate Sir John Astley seems to have got hold of a genuine stayer, and this colt and Whackum should attract attention to their sire, Mogador, who can already boast the sireship of a Grand National winner, and has had but an indifferent chance at the stud. A really capital week's racing came to an end on Saturday, the principal event on the card again falling to Mr. Grettton's share with Red Hazard, who took the Houghton Handicap from such speedy cattle as Aventurier and Co. (his two immediate attendants), in addition to Trappist, Lollypop, Briglia, and Rifle, and the winner is the biggest and lengthiest of Rosicrucian's stock we have yet seen, though, unfortunately touched in his wind. The Consolation Free Handicap also fell to the share of Mr. Grettton (who, we should say, stood least in need of "consolation" among owners of horses), and the Duke of Hamilton had to bid up to 520 guineas for the possession of Oasis, who is Neasham bred, and out of that sweet mare, Jenny Diver. The Apprentices' Plate brought out some indifferent performers, but the riding of Godfrey and Massey was capital, and it was a happy thought of the executive to institute races of this kind, which are calculated to prevent rising talent from being hid under a bushel. That useful old slave, Paramatta, after doing good service for Colonel Forester, passed into Captain Macell's hands again after his success in a Selling Plate, and Lord Falmouth wound up, as he had begun at Newmarket in the Craven, with a win in the Winding-up Handicap with Hydromel, making it clear that Clocher is either dead out of form, or has been terribly over-rated.

Liverpool will have four days next week, but from the multitude of nurseries, chicken handicaps, and selling races, the Autumn Cup stands out as the only contest likely to attract more than passing attention. The acceptance is certainly not flattering to the handicapper, but it must be remembered that many owners are now thinking of "shutting up shop" for the season, and verily racing in November is for the most part dismal work, only holding out attractions to the thinned ranks of the plunging brigade, and to disconsolate punters on the lookout for something to winter upon. There are so many unsavoury memories in connection with Autumn as well as Summer Cups upon Aintree that even from the attenuated list of "contents" it is difficult to pick out anything with a running, not to say a winning, chance. Betting at present is desultory, unreliable, and limited, and all we can do is to hope for the best with *Master Kildare* and *Touchet*, and to leave the rest to providence.

There has been some very fair sport both at Lincoln and Brighton during the past week, but nothing worthy of minute comment; the quantity of runners in races at both places making some amends for the quality of the sport shown. There are not many provincial fixtures able to sustain more than one really successful meeting during the year, and it is in this direction that racing is being overdone, owing to caterers for the public not knowing how to leave well alone. Ascot and Goodwood come but once a year, and this is one great reason for the popularity they enjoy; and it would surely be better policy to spread it thick for one real "bumper" gathering, than to scrape it thin for a number of "little goes," among which there is perpetual clashing and colliding. It is agreed on all hands that racing is overdone, and therefore in many cases unprofitable; and the first of its "excrescences" to be lopped away should undoubtedly be the dismal repetition of provincial fixtures. SKYLARK.

ATHLETICS, CRICKET, AQUATICS, &c.

THE Australian Cricketers are now on their way home, having sailed on board the City of New York on Monday last. On the previous Friday and Saturday they gave the Californians an awful thrashing. In their first and only innings they made 302 runs, whilst their opponents made only 62 and 105.

What the London Athletic Club do they always do well, so that it is no wonder that despite the unfavourable weather there was a fair muster last Saturday afternoon at Stamford Bridge on the occasion of the second autumn meeting. First on the programme came the Ten Miles Challenge Cup, and Mr. Jas. Gibb having resigned possession, a trio came to the post—W. Stevenson, H. C. Howard, and W. E. Fuller—but the last-named only went a trifle over two miles, and Stevenson won anyhow in poor time. C. Hazen Wood and H. Venn, jun., the respective holders of the Half-mile Running and Three Miles Walking Challenges, found no one of sufficient temerity to oppose them; but four came to the post for the Hundred Yards, viz., H. Crossley, W. P. Phillips, H. H. Sturt, and H. Allan, and they finished in the order given, Crossley winning by 2½ yards in 10 2-5sec.

A sword exercise competition, one man mounted, brought out four of the seven entries, and Trooper T. Taylor, Herts Yeomanry, in the end won from Sergeant Kitson, First West York, the latter of whom, I fancy, is the well-known northern athlete of that name. After this, W. P. Phillips, the holder of the 220 Yards Handicap Challenge Cup, won rather easily by three-quarters of a yard from H. H. Sturt, in 22 4-5sec, both starting from scratch.

There was a good entry for the 180 Yards Open Handicap, which eventually fell to H. C. Powell, of the Walsall C.C., who had evidently got the blind side of the handicapper, or he would never have been allotted 9 yards. He won simply "hands down," from A. S. Farmer, Private Banks C.C., 8½ yards, and H. Allen, L.A.C., three yards start, being third. Time, 18 2-5sec. As usual, the 600 Yards Challenge Cup Handicap was not productive of much sport, F. W. Robinson, 18 yards start, winning easily by a couple of yards in 1min 16 2-5sec.

It was pitiable to see such sterling game runners as C. H. Rooke and G. T. Mawby, of the L.A.C., starting from scratch in the Three Miles Open Handicap, giving impossible starts away. F. Williams, Hampstead Harriers, 45sec start, T. H. Woodford, on the same mark and belonging to the same club, with W. W. Davis, Blackheath Harriers, 70sec, had the race to themselves all the way, finishing in the order given; time, 6min 14 3-5sec. I could not quite fathom Woodford's performance, as he never attempted to get on terms with the winner, but at the finish came along as if he had only just started, indeed both of them were very far from run out.

Perhaps the most popular event of the afternoon was the Bicycle Handicap, distance one mile. Eighteen competed in three heats, and T. Kyle, Arion, B.C., scratch, won the final by twenty yards in 3min 4 3-5sec, being followed home by E. A. Runtz, Pickwick B.C., 25 yards start, who was five yards in front of G. R. Oxx, Surrey B.C., 30 yards, who could have done better had he wished, he just landing third prize by a yard from A. J. Sutherland, of the Temple B.C., 33 yards. With G. P. Rogers as starter, J. Waddell, W. E. Balkwill, C. H. Mason, R. Harry Nunn, and T. Priestly as judges, and "Bob" Rogers holding the watch, it is needless to state that everything passed

off as it should do. By-the-bye, I must not forget Mr. J. R. Wellington and the band of the First Herts Light Horse, who, as usual, added greatly to the enjoyment of those present.

Perhaps as it was only a private affair for a spread, I scarcely ought to notice the walking match which was to, and did not, come off last Saturday between A. W. Sinclair and G. P. Bennett, distance what they could do in the hour. Only Sinclair turned up, and he walked over, covering a few yards in excess of six miles and a half.

A mile race between two amateurs, D. Jones and H. S. Sims, came off at Southwark Park on Saturday morning I find stated in a contemporary. From the report inserted I find that Sims led for three-quarters of a mile when he fell, and yet his opponent, unpressed, won in 4min 37sec. I do not know either of the performers, but the supplementary sentence, "Betting at start 10 to 7 on Sims," savours slightly of the "pro."

As a species of trial for their annual Three Miles Steeplechase on Saturday next, the Railway Clearing House Harriers had a run on the same afternoon, when Messrs. J. J. Wilson (captain), B. F. Davis, H. Light, H. England, Richards, Cockroft, Northway, Woodman, Smeed, Holliman, Smith, and Sanders started from their head-quarters, the Vale of Health, Hampstead, at ten minutes past four, and eventually the first four home were Davis, Wilson, Northway, and Holliman, in the order given.

"Mr. J. E. Warburton states that as he cannot come to terms with J. Smith, of Bury, he will take Davis, of Chester, on for a four miles race, and give him fifty yards' start, on the Cobwall Cricket Ground, Blackburn, as requested in the *Sporting Life* on Saturday, for which articles will be sent in a few days to the place he named. T. Duckett, of Liverpool, or any other amateur in England, can join in (if Davis is willing) off the same mark as Davis. The winner to take the silver cup and a staked bet of £25 or £50 each." This paragraph I cull from a sporting journal, and it is about time notice is taken of such insertions. Why is "Choppy" Mr. and the others plain J. Smith, of Bury; T. Duckett, of Liverpool; and Davis, of Chester? I know Warburton has little claim to the title of gentleman amateur, even if he have any to the latter portion only, and my ruling will ever be that when articles are drawn up and bets staked, the participants in the proceedings become, to all intents and purposes, professionals. The North-country list of amateurs requires an immense amount of purging, more especially after the exposures of the past season.

Bicyclists are having a perfect glut of their pet hobby just now. On Saturday a couple of events took place, the venue being respectively the Lillie Bridge Grounds and the Alexandra Palace track.

At the former popular enclosure the second competition for the championship cup, at fifty miles, presented by the proprietors of the *Sporting Life*, was the attraction, and the following were the competitors:—H. Osborne, Surrey B.C.; H. L. Cortis, Wanderers; A. E. Derkinderen, Tower Hamlets; E. S. Forrest, Athenæum; J. C. Flack, C.B.C.; W. McWilliams, Temple; S. Kemp, Pickwick; A. J. Millington, E.B.C.; A. Percival, Wanderers; G. A. Hanwell, Middlesex; G. Kent, Middlesex; E. P. Brittain, Temple; F. Kennedy, unattached. Once more a record was beaten, Derkinderen winning by 35sec, with Osborne second time, 3h 9min 56sec, which is the fastest on record, the best previously being Osborne's 3h 18min 55sec last year.

A Two Miles Handicap and the Championship of the Druids Club, about 20 miles, were the two events set for decision at Muswell Hill. T. J. Waitman, from scratch, won the handicap very easily, the race being confined to members of the Crescent Club, while H. Francis won the Championship by fifty yards from H. Baker, a lad of great promise.

At Cambridge, on Saturday, the principal event was a match, Cambridge v. London, distance one mile. A. P. Trotter, Trinity, Cambridge, beat Wadham Wyndham, London, by a dozen yards, 3 min. 3-5th sec. M. D. Rucker, junior, London, beat O. G. M. Leeds, Clare College, Cambridge, by a similar distance, by 3 mins. 7 3-5th sec., and W. T. Thorne, London, beat J. Scott, Caius, Cambridge, after a grand race, by a yard and half—time, 3 min. 4-5th sec. A. P. Trotter also won the Four Miles Race in 13 min. 3-5th sec., Wyndham being a bad second; but in the Fifteen Miles, W. T. Thorne, jun., and R. G. Trollope, both Londoners, were respectively first and second—time 52 min. 14 2-5th sec.

Owing to the wet weather, there was scarcely so good an attendance at Leicester on Monday last to witness the match, distance 25 miles, between Dave Stanton of Hornsey, and W. Phillips of Wolverhampton, for £50. The latter won anyhow in 1h 34 min 37 sec.

As I anticipated, the billiard match on Tuesday last, 1,000 up, for 200 sovereigns, between Joseph Bennett and Tom Taylor, at St. James's Hall, proved a good thing for the ex-champion. I never saw Bennett in better form, and he won very easily by 189 points; but owing to a difficulty in getting a good set of balls they were thrice changed, and a stubbornly contested appeal of foul by Taylor, the game did not conclude until thirty-three minutes past twelve, at which time Bennett was hailed the victor after just five hours and a quarter's play. The principal breaks were—Bennett 69, 63, and 46; Taylor 40. The veteran, Oxford Jonathan, scored the game with the care for which he is so noted.

At length Spencer has lost his unbeaten certificate, as on Tuesday Emmett, of Yarrow, beat him into a "cocked hat," as the saying goes, from Putney to Mortlake, for £100 a-side, leading him all the way.

Sir John Astley's "wobbling" tournament is proving a great success, although owing to Vaughan, of Chester, breaking down during the early part of Wednesday morning, an interesting feature of the competition was lost. On Monday and Tuesday some wonderful performances were made, but as the affair as I write is only a little more than half over, I shall leave further comment until next week.

At five o'clock on Thursday evening the positions and distances were as follows:—Corkey 348 miles, Brown 345, Crossland 301, Rowell 314, Weston 316, Hibbert 308, Howes 279, Courtenay 277, Ennis 271, Ide 257, Croft 254, Higgins 262, Richardson 260, Day 250, Pellett 247, Clarkson 232, Barnett 205, Smyth 180, Hancock 244.

Vaughan 200, Hayward 119, Thatcher 105, and Holmes 70, retired finally.

A Manchester weekly contemporary, the *Athletic News*, has quoted my remarks about Warburton in my last Saturday's letter, but that is rather a puerile attempt at "snacking" me when the writer can find no other fault in the article to blurt about than a printer's error of *breed* for *brood*. If anything, I must look upon it as a compliment.

On Saturday last another Association Cup tie was played at the Oval, Kennington, when Upton Park won anyhow from Saffron Walden by 5 goals to nil. EXON.

It will be seen from the Official List of Awards at the Paris Exhibition, that Messrs. Huntley and Palmer, the celebrated Biscuit Manufacturers, at Reading and London, have obtained the GRAND PRIZE—the only one awarded to the Biscuit trade. This honour it appears is further enhanced by the complimentary terms of the Jurors' Report which was as follows:—"Unrivalled House, known throughout the World for its enormous production, and for the excellent quality of its manufactures."—*Morning Post*.

A DAY OR TWO WITH THE RIPLEY AND KNAP-HILL HARRIERS.

"WHY don't you come down and have a day or two with us?" wrote a friend the other day; "we have a neat little pack here. Shrubbs does the thing very well and shows capital sport. Perhaps after the countries spoken of in the article on 'Hare Hunting' in THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS you will not think much of our's; but get a horse up to his work across banks and ditches, and I fancy we can show you some fun."

A glance at the meets for the current week showed us that these hounds could be met at Brookwood Station, on Monday last, or at Maybury Inn, Woking, on Wednesday; consequently our mind was soon made up. Monday came rather too quickly to secure the necessary mount, but Wednesday could be done at any rate; so making application to a "master of the horse," who has often served us well before on similar occasions, we secured a steed, not, however, without a slight demur on his part.

"Do you know the style of country you are going into?" asked he.

To which query we were fain to admit that our knowledge thereof consisted of what could be seen from the South-Western Railway.

"Then you had better be careful," said our mentor; "for if you go sailing along in the style I have seen you do across the Harrow country with the drag you will soon come to grief, for the heath is full of grips, the plantations not without stubbs, the banks steep and rotten, ditches deep if not wide, and the fields more like a slough than anything else."

"A pleasant picture certainly you have drawn," we remarked.

"Oh, yes; it is a rough country, but still you can see sport over it. Now, as you do not ride more than eleven stone seven, I think I have a little horse that will carry you. He is a Devonshire bred one, and as clever as a cat if you don't pull his mouth about, and he shall be at Waterloo Station in time to go down with you on Wednesday morning."

So far all was well, though, as the sequel will show, things were not destined to turn out so brilliantly as they might have done. First the morning was wild and stormy in the extreme, a very decent frost having occurred during the night, with a slight fall of snow, while the wind was keen and cutting, and hung rather too much in a westerly direction to accord with our notions of scent. However, that is a question which, like Pandora's box, always leaves you hope to fall back upon; so having got out, stamped our chilled toes and fingers into some sort of feeling, at Woking we got into the saddle and trotted away for Maybury Inn. Being luckily rather early, we were enabled to have a chat with our friend ere the hounds came up, and he at once proceeded to pour the flattering tale into our ear of what capital sport these hounds had already had this season.

"You should have been with us last Friday at Staple Hill," he began, "when we had as fine a forty-five minutes as any man ever rode to, and killed on Chobham Common at a racing pace, with no check worth speaking of. You may judge that we had a bit of jumping also when I tell you that no less than seven of us got down, five men, I believe, from Aldershot and, I am sorry to add, two ladies. However, as far as I know there was no great damage done, and the day was certainly first-rate. Then, again, on Monday last we had a capital day in the open from Brookwood Station, had a breast-high scent, and killed quite our share of hares, though they did not stretch so far away perhaps as some of us may have wished. It must, however, be put down to the right side of the ledger. Now I am afraid you are come on an unlucky day, for if there is any truth in weather prognostications hounds cannot run much."

Just as he had finished his tale of days past and gone, up came the Master, Mr. Shrubbs, on a neat dark brown horse or mare that certainly looked like work, and from the way he afterwards negotiated an awkward drop into a lane we should say that he was as good as he looked. He also had another of the same colour, but neater if anything, out as second horse. The pack struck us as being short in numbers, and, unless we are mistaken, felt the effects of the capital days they had gone through on the previous Monday and Friday. They were a lot of useful hounds, with, we should say, no great amount of foxhound blood in them, and not particularly level, though no doubt they can all do their part towards catching a hare. The field was composed of between twenty and thirty men on horseback and a few ladies, for the most part fairly mounted, one pony particularly taking our attention (ridden by a man in yellow leather gaiters), who moved in capital style. There was another character we must not forget, who, by his general get-up, we took for a keeper, who appeared to carry an inventory in his head of every hare sitting within five miles of the meet, and whose intelligence as to the most likely places for a find appeared to be in great request by the Master.

Due time having been allowed a move was made to a field of mustard, where he knew of a hare sitting, causing a man, who must have been passing his autumn months with the Devon and Somerset Stag-hounds, to remark that "the man in the white hat appeared to be a very good harbourer," when she was turned off. An altercation here ensued between an antiquated runner and a sporting railway official as to the propriety of shouting when she went away, which candour forces us to admit was in favour of him of the tattered green coat and hunting cap, for the man of tickets and parcels had evidently not read up his "Beckford" as to the propriety of silence in hare hunting so well as he should have done. This chase came to a somewhat lame and impotent conclusion, for having driven their hare across a field or two, over a road and a hill covered with heath, they got amongst a lot of carriage people, and could make no more of it. While Mr. Shrubbs was casting there was a halloo behind, and it proved that what some thought was the hunted hare was a little leveret, which one of the hounds actually got hold of, but let go again. We believe she subsequently fell a victim, but as we did not see it cannot vouch for the fact. Several more hares were found, but the storms in the air rendered the scent so bad that there was little chance of doing anything with them, added to which the field rode in such a foul and unsportsmanlike manner that they really did not give the hounds a chance, as often as not cutting in before them when they were trying to work out the line. Once the Master tried to shake them off by giving them a bit of a lark across country on his own account, and had they followed him would have led them a merry little dance across the banks and ditches; but, alas! for him gates were far too handy, and with the exception of a young lady on a black pony looking all over like Hurlingham and polo, who, if we mistake not, at one place gave him a lead, few had anything to do with the fences—at least if they did, it was in a very safe, creeping, scrambling kind of way.

Seeing there was no chance of sport, about half-past two we once more turned our horses' heads for the station, and left them going to draw a piece of mangel, said to be the property of a Mr. Fladgett, which would have taken us still further from home. From all that we could learn in the field, hares are plentiful enough in the guise and heath, which abound on the commons, but scarce in the enclosures, as so many in this neighbourhood keep a sly greyhound or lurcher, and the moment one is seen in the open slip out with the dogs and make sure of her. There is also said to be a great amount of poaching going on in this neigh-

bourhood. Mr. Shrubbs is naturally a little shy of the commons, as they are divided by the railways, and it is no uncommon thing for a hare to take to the line, or at any rate to cross it on to the other common. In fact, just lately one ran the line right into the teeth, as it were, of an express train, and it was a great mercy that the pack escaped serious damage. However, luck favoured them, which is more than it did us, though we hope ere the season is over to have a better day with the Ripley and Knap-hill harriers.

THE CITY OF GLASGOW BANK FAILURE.

"LET Glasgow flourish!" is the time-honoured motto of the "second city" of the empire. It would seem as if this benevolent wish had already been fulfilled, and that the "flourish" had bloomed and flowered its best, and at last run to seed, if not decay. This, if untrue of the city, is certainly true of one of its boasted institutions—the great City Bank—which was planted in its midst, grew and sent forth its branches to all parts of the kingdom, and from which so many expected to gather a rich harvest of golden fruit. One day the City Bank held the enviable position of giving to its shareholders the largest of dividends—the next, and all was ruin and disaster, with an almost countless liability.

The head offices of the City of Glasgow Bank were situated in Virginia-street; their general appearance, if not mean, was at least unimposing, and little indicating the immense system of which it was the centre. It has been established upwards of thirty years, and from the commencement was nothing if not a religious bank, enjoying, as it did, the confidence and the investments of a very large number of ministers, and also holding the Free Church Sustentation Fund to the amount of forty or fifty thousand pounds!

This being the tone of the concern, the greater was the dismay and consternation when the announcement of its failure came with all the suddenness of a thunderbolt on the ears of the astounded public. Bad as was the first announcement, the semi-official rough examination of the bank books disclosed a state of things the terrible truths of which never entered the minds of those with the wildest imaginations, but even this fell far short of the actual deficits of the bank, six millions of money being found wanting, the total liabilities being twelve millions. The Crown authorities, when this became known, had only one course, and that they soon took, by having the manager, secretary, and all the directors arrested and lodged in custody. The names of the accused are as follows:—Robert S. Stronach, manager, aged 52; Charles Lerasche, aged 52; William Taylor, 66; John Innes Wright, 68; and Lewis Potter, aged 72. Being apprehended on Saturday afternoon, they spent the "Sawboth" in safe keeping, and under the eye of the officials of the Central Police Court, where they were brought up on the Monday before Mr. Gemmel, stipendiary magistrate. The prisoners being brought to the bar half an hour before the usual time prevented a large number of the public who came later on from seeing them. Mr. M'Phee, fiscal, asked that the case might be continued for twenty-four hours; the accused were accordingly remanded till Tuesday.

On Tuesday morning I visited South Albion-street, at the foot of which I found the Glasgow Central Police Office, the only outward indications of the special purposes to which the building is adapted being the barred windows of the lower storey and the large gas-lamps bearing the legend "Police Office" and glowing transparency of the city arms in all the colours of the rainbow. It is 9.15 a.m., the morning cold and showery, and not a blink of sunshine. A small but anxious crowd is gathered around the main entrance, before which a sentinel policeman or two are pacing to and fro. I cross the pavement, and enter the arch of a long, dark "pen," inquiring for the officer in charge, I was shown through a dark court into a darker lobby, which opened into a chamber with just sufficient light to make the darkness visible.

The official appeared, and upon making my wish to take sketches known, it was received with official courtesy, and a reply to the effect that the granting of leave must be special and come from one higher in authority, and besides, that the difficulties in the way would render the taking of sketches impossible. On replying that I would risk it, he consulted another official. The opposition was strengthened, in fact growing stronger as time rolled on, the responsibility of refusal being shifted always a grade higher. As a last straw I was treated to a lay sermon upon "The awful responsibility which would rest on me if I should take and show to the world the portraits of these gentlemen before the bar, who might in a few minutes be discharged and go forth without a stain upon their characters." This was rather coming it strong. Seeing that anything further in the mock heroic style profited him nothing, and that I expressed my determination to communicate to headquarters, he retired once more, returning immediately with special permission, and courteously offering to conduct me to the "Hall of Justice." Up two flights of a narrow dingy stairway, through a ponderous iron gate, along a lobby, over piles of broken laths and plaster, stones and rubbish, through a crowd of the dregs of the lowest grade of Glasgow roughs, male and female, a curtain is drawn, disclosing an open doorway. I enter, and find myself in the awful precincts of the Central Police Court. Like its surroundings, it is grimy, dark, and dismal, and little suited as quarters to the trig and trim military-looking officials whose duty lies within its walls. Such a caricature of the Temple of Justice it would be difficult to find. At one end of the room, on a raised platform, is the stipendiary's desk and chair; in front the fiscal's quarters; then the bar, and further back several rooms of dusky, dusty, greasy benches. In the bay of one of the little windows to the right is a bench set apart for the special use of the gentlemen of the press—the representatives of the leading Glasgow and Edinburgh papers being already seated, notebook and pencil in hand, awaiting events. A creaking door in a dark corner of the room behind the desk opens, and there appears a middle-aged gentleman with a mild and benevolent expression of countenance; he immediately takes his seat on the bench; it is Mr. Gemmel, the stipendiary magistrate. Then follow the fiscal and chief constable; an old Hibernian lady outside said that the latter gentleman was "the full of a door" himself; and her expression gives a tolerably graphic idea of his proportions. Under the treatment of Mr. Edison's patent electric light it is hard to say what might be disclosed in the way of accommodation or room in shady and almost invisible corners; but with ordinary sunlight, as it permeates through a Glasgow fog, there appeared but small space and less accommodation for the purpose of such a court. A tramp, tramp is heard as of many feet approaching, it comes nearer, the creaking door opens, and in walk the bank prisoners, each attended and followed by a detective officer.

Some of the accused have all the appearance of being newly brushed up, oiled, and combed; others seem indifferent to their lot. They are soon ranged before the bar. A reference to the sketch will give a better idea of their general appearance than any verbal description, but a few remarks may not be amiss. Amongst the same number of men anywhere it would be difficult to find a greater diversity of type and expression, figure, and gait. One and all seemed to feel their position keenly. Their commitment to the sheriff occupied but a short time. Afterwards all

were marched out in Indian file once more to pass the portals of the creaky door. After a short interval they are removed in twos in cabs to the County Buildings to appear before the Sheriff of Lanarkshire. A large crowd is assembled outside in the drizzling rain to witness the departure of the accused: from the man on 'Change to the lowest loafers of the High-street or Brigade, all equally eager to get a glance at the figures as they pass across the pavement into the cab.

Their appearance is hailed by the rougher members of the crowd with remarks more forcible than polite, and showing a decided tendency to favour the justice dispensed by Judge Lynch. They are soon all gone, and the crowd quickly disperses. I next make my way to the County Buildings. Here the architecture and accommodation are more worthy of the City of Glasgow, and better adapted for the dispensation of justice than the catacombs of the Central Police Office.

The prisoners are each confined in a separate room, those usually placed at the disposal of witnesses, and over the fireplace of which is painted in ridiculously large letters the caution that smoking is strictly prohibited. The style and character of this writing on the wall may be seen in the accompanying sketch.

The first prisoner called to appear before Sheriff Clark was Mr. Potter. Hearing the charge read, he replied that he had no remarks to make in the meantime. He was consequently removed to his room again. He was followed by his colleague, Mr. Stronach, manager of the bank, his examination lasting about forty minutes. Emerging from the sheriff's presence, he wore a very penitential expression of countenance, his general appearance justifying the remark of a passing official that he had "rather the cut of a parson;" then came Mr. Salmond's turn, his examination lasted over two hours, and he came out with his aged form bent, and a general look of being withered up. There was a constant flow of anxious and interested visitors to the County Buildings, keen to catch a sight of the accused, but no facilities and little opportunity were afforded for this, the porters clearing the stairs and halls every little while, only to have to do it again. Thus the day passes till twelve midnight. The last examination closes, and Sheriff Clark and his assistants are glad to retire from their arduous and weary task, ending, as it did, in the committal of one and all of the accused to Duke-street Prison and the custody of Mr. Stirling, the governor, a result which was hailed by the outside world with a breath of relief.

Personally, the directors have had quite a reputation for being "unco' guid," most, if not all, having graduated from devout Sabbath scholars and teachers up to full-blown elders, presidents of Young Men's Christian Associations, and representatives at the General Assembly. One of these amiable old gentlemen carried ideas of Sabbath observance so far as not even to purchase or read the Monday morning's issue of the daily paper because part of the labour of its production had been performed on Sunday; but he managed to save his conscience and his "bawbees" by "speerin'" at his fellow-passenger in the morning train, "What's new the day?" This old gentleman even went the length of building a whole kirk all by himself. In fact the officials so mixed the bank and the kirk that it was difficult to know where the bank began and the kirk ended. None of the directors were known on the turf; none of them kept a stud of racehorses; none of them were great patrons of the drama or fine arts; if they had, probably to-day their appearance in the pages of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS would have been in a pleasanter and more honourable rôle than that of prisoners at the bar.

W. A. D.

FOREIGN RACING INTELLIGENCE.

AUTEUIL AUTUMN STEEPLECHASES.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 27.

PRIX DE OCTOBRE (steeple-chase).—Count d'Evry's b f Robinette, by Monitor—Bonnelle, 3 yrs, 9st 3lb (Summers), 1; Baron Finot's br m Mina, 5 yrs, 11st 11lb (Landelis), 2; Mr. William's ch g Galopin II., aged, 10st 1lb (Robins), 3. 11 ran.
PRIX DU CHALET (selling steeple-chase).—M. C. Blanc's b m Bonita, by Allez-y-Gaiement—La Boule, 6 yrs, 9st 6lb (Weaver), 1; Viscount de Buisseret's b m Rosette, 6 yrs, 9st 6lb (Baker), M. L. Worms' ch h Fitz-Marengo, 5 yrs, 9st 6lb (Mitchell), 3. 6 ran.
GRAND PRIX D'AUTOMNE (steeple-chase hard'cap).—Marquis de St. Sauveur's b g Ladykiller, by Wingrave—Lady Bird, aged, 10st 9lb (Andrews), 1; Count d'Evry's ch h Ponder, aged, 9st 8lb (Summers), 2; Viscount de Buisseret's b f Girofla, 4 yrs, 9st 8lb (Baker), 3. 9 ran.
PRIX DE SAINT CLOUD (hurdle handicap).—M. Junius's b f Fraxinelle II., by Ruy Blas—Fleur de Lis, 4 yrs, 9st 7lb (Summers), 1. 11 ran.

LA MARCHE MEETING.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 28.

PRIX DE BELLEVUE (hurdle handicap).—M. Edouard's b f Pomme d'Api, by Trocadéro—Canotière, 4 yrs, 9st 12lb (Gardener), 1. 10 ran.
PRIX DE TRAPPES (selling stakes).—M. C. Blanc's br f Jonvillaise, by Fort à Bras—Jenny, 7st 13lb (Lavis), 1. 4 ran.
PRIX DU PERRAY (handicap).—M. Lupin's b f Satania, by Dollar—La Maladetta, 4 yrs, 8st (Musgrave), 1; Baron de Cartier's b c Warton, 3 yrs, 7st 5lb (Ryan), 2; M. Stripp's b c Passedix, 4 yrs, 7st 12lb (Lavis), 3. 4 ran.
PRIX D'EPERON (selling stakes).—Mr. A. Stripp's b f Héritière, by Diablotin—Harmonie, 4 yrs, 8st 8lb (Flint), 1; M. Crombez's b c Moonshine, 2 yrs, 7st (Ryan), 2; Viscount de Buisseret's br h Billetole, 5 yrs, 10st 1lb (Miles), 3. 7 ran.
PRIX DE JOUY (steeple chase handicap).—Marquis de St. Sauveur's br f Linda, by Dollar—Fidélia, 4 yrs, 9st 12lb (Andrews), 1. 6 ran.

MARSEILLES MEETING.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 27.

PRIX SPECIAL.—M. Delatre's ch c Boulouf, by Clotaire or Berryer—Nice, 8st 11lb, 1. 3 ran.
PRIX DE LA VILLE DE MARSEILLE.—M. André's ch c Basque, by Trocadéro—Bohémienne, 9st, 1; Comte de Juigné's Noirmoutiers, 9st 7lb, 2; M. H. Jennings's Alizier, 9st, 3. 3 ran.
PRIX DU COMITE (selling stakes).—Count Beauregard's Thémistocle, by Tourmalet, 3 yrs, 9st 4lb, 1. 3 ran.
PRIX DU CERCLÉ (handicap).—Count de Paul's Jui d'Amour, by Gage d'Amour, 3 yrs, 8st 8lb, 1; Count de Juigné's Genu d'Amour, 3 yrs, 8st 1lb, 2; Count de Lagrange's Fauvette, 3 yrs, 7st 9lb, 3. 3 ran.
PRIX DU CHEMIN DE FER.—Count Beauregard's La Nine, 7st, 1. 3 ran.

NANTES RACE MEETING.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 27.

PRIX PRINCIPAL.—M. Lupin's Astrée, by Dollar—Etoile Filante, 4 yrs, 9st 7lb, 1. 4 ran.
PRIX DU PETIT PORT (handicap).—M. Lupin's Fionie, by Dollar—Finlande, 3 yrs, 7st 8lb, 1. 3 ran.
GRAND PRIX DE NANTES.—M. Moreau Chaslon's Forte en Gueule, by Fort à Bras—Apparition, 9st, 3. 3 ran.
PRIX DE LA SOCIÉTÉ.—Martinvast Stud's Escalier, by Lord Clifden—Grand Mademoiselle, 3 yrs, 8st 10lb, 1. 3 ran.
PRIX DE L'ÉPERON (welter hurdle handicap).—Baron de Rochetaillée's Port Said, by Pretty Boy—Sylvia, 6 yrs, 11st 4lb, 1. 4 ran.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 29.

PRIX NATIONAL.—M. Lupin's Astrée, by Dollar, 1; M. de la Charme's Fusion, 2; Baron de Nexon's Satrape, 3. 4 ran.
PRIX SPECIAL.—Count de Juigné's Roscoff, by Mars—Rosita, 1. 2 ran.
PRIX DE LA SOCIÉTÉ.—Count de Juigné's Bosnie, by Florin or Mars—Bosette, 1. 3 ran.
PRIX DES HARAS.—Count de Juigné's Guéménée, by Mars—Geollette, 4 yrs, 1. 4 ran.
PRIX DE LA LOIRE (steeple-chase handicap).—M. Forcinal's La Pitache, 1. 2 ran.

RACEHORSES FOR NEW ZEALAND.—The S.S. Kent, sailing on the 5th November, will carry away to the Antipodes, Mueset, one of the Glasgow stable lately dispersed. He was bought for the stud by Messrs. Maclean and Co., of Waikato, New Zealand, and after his racing career here cannot fail to be an acquisition to that colony.



OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

It is proverbially accepted that an actor finds amongst the many great difficulties that surround him in the study of his profession his most insurmountable one in the disposal of his hands. There can be no doubt that it is exceedingly trying to some young men (I will only speak of young men, for if an old man has travelled the thorny path upon the boards without correcting had faults he is not worth talking about) it is exceedingly trying



for some young men to keep their hands out of their own way upon the stage. With amateurs it is positively so terrible that it does not bear thinking of. A young actor comes upon the stage feeling all over hands, and hands feeling all over him. He feels it, and the audience sees it. He knows that the audience sees it, and the audience sees that he knows it. So that altogether things become very unpleasant for both parties. Modern comedy has found a friendly sepulchre for the offending hand of the youthful actor in the trousers' pocket. What a boon



(The Ghost to Hamlet's Slippers)
"List! list! O list!!!"

it is to lounge about the stage with both hands stuffed into the breeches' pockets, well nigh up to the elbows! But stage life is not all modern comedy, especially for young men who have to fight their way in the provinces, and it is one of the trials of such costumes as Romeo requires that the absence of breeches' pockets leaves the hapless possessor of the overplus of hands in a greater plight than ever. This hand difficulty may be the most glaring trouble of the young actor, but I hold that just as often as he finds the worry and annoyance of his digits so

apparent he is in the habit—without being aware of the fact—of putting his foot in it. I have paid a considerable amount of attention to actors' feet. When I attend a theatre I invariably find my eyes wandering instinctively from the face of the occupants of the stage to their leather-covered extremities. I do not know whether this attention on my part is innate, or whether it is the result of habit. I fancy habit. Some years ago an actor did me the honour of visiting me. I was at the time an invalid, and he was by turns kind, sympathetic, and pleasant. Altogether he cheered my tardy state of convalescence. He was most solicitous as to the particular stimulant I was allowed. I was allowed port wine. Good! He had fortunately been made a present of a very fine port; he would bring me a bottle, ay two bottles, of this excellent beverage. Just then he espied a pair of brand-new dress boots which stood in my room. The conversation turned on the wonderful similarity of size in our feet—he even became so interested that he tried one boot on. It was a most interesting experiment, for it fitted like a glove. He had to appear in evening dress that night, and, most provoking to relate, his bootmaker had neglected to send home his especial style of foot-covering. Would I lend him these for the occasion, and he would run in with them and the port the first thing in the morning. I have never seen the boots since, and I have never yet tasted that very rare port wine. It is ten chances to one the gentleman will read this story and endorse my statements. I can assure him my only reason for relating it is that I want to discover why I take such an interest in actors' feet, and I am rather of opinion that since the episode of the boots I have paid rather more attention to them than I did theretofore. I once heard of an actor with a club-foot, who essayed Hamlet, and even Romeo, and who was affectionately encouraged by the audiences in the part of England that he most favoured, and that most favoured him, by shouts of "Go it, Clubby!" Of course with this or any other visitation of misfortune, I have nothing whatever to do or find fault. It is no more a subject for criticism than a



The ruffianally Poacher

hare-lip or a cancer-nose, beyond the statement that appearances in public under such circumstances should as far as possible be suppressed. It is with the legitimate foot of the ordinary young actor that I have to deal. It is a limb that varies considerably in shape, size, and movement. Young men frequently encase it with much care, and are as frequently neglectful of its appearance. Actors are human beings, and occasionally capable of much pride in a shapely boot. At the head of this article I give a sketch from the cast of one of the feet of a *jeune premier* who is famous for his pretty little shoes. I myself have seen him at a ball with a pair of pumps that were a perfect marvel of the cobbler's art. A countless well nigh ruined her reputation and blotted a fair escutcheon through indiscreet admiration for him; but I cannot say whether she ever saw him without his shoes or not. I have little or nothing to do with his class either. Their business in life—if it can be called business—is to loll about in comedies that are flavoured with the odour of Belgravian drawing-rooms, and nurse one of the pretty little shoes containing the exquisite silken sock containing the subtle corn or the suppressed bunion. "Character parts" are the ones that trouble me in the matter of actors' feet. An actor is generally expected to find his own shoes and boots. This is, I think, a wise and convenient arrangement. I remember on one occasion seeing an excellent collection of London actors who were to play a fine old English comedy some miles out of town, and who depended upon the costumier to supply everything, brought to unutterable grief by the fact that none of the shoes or boots sent would fit anybody! I have endeavoured in my sketches to give an impression of some of the faults of actors in the matter of their feet. Take the noble Earl. He has a most impressive part to play. The part he has done sufficient justice to in the matter of study and "make up," his costume is correct, and his bearing sufficiently aristocratic to satisfy the most fastidious in such particulars; but when you come to the feet the whole thing is thrown out of gear; his hands are graceful and easy, but his feet, encased in great clamping boots, trip up the entire impersonation. In dotted lines I have traced what would be more appropriate. Then again there is the Ruffianly Poacher. He has studied the part thoroughly, his costume is as forbidding as the artistic vice that he has pencilled upon his features, his every action indicates the thorough bad lot; but when you come to his feet the illusion is immediately dispelled. You discover that he is only masquerading after all; those little shoes never encased the feet of a thorough-paced rough-and-tumble scound-

drel. If you follow the dotted lines here also, you will find a more congenial pair of clogs. Errors of this description are often the result of an actor determining not to "bother changing his shoes." Romeo, graceful, young, and impassioned, turns his toes in during the most tender of his passages, taking at once all the poetry out of his impersonation. I do not advocate the strained



Romeo: "What light from yonder window breaks?"

"grace" of a male ballet-dancer for the hero of a romantic tragedy, but I do think that Romeo with his toes turned in is a mistake. Hamlet very thoughtfully played is upset by a pair of cloth slippers. He goes to England in them, he returns in them, and he jumps into open graves in them. Hamlet may have been



The Noble Earl

mad, but I do not think he was such a lunatic as to go about Denmark, or even England, in a pair of list slippers. The subject is one that could be gossiped over for hours, and I fancy that at the end of an investigation it would be found that actors are not more at fault in their hands than they are in their feet.

MYERS' American Hippodrome is again at the Crystal Palace. The performances are in the evening, and Mr. Myers introduces a great quadrupedal force. The "six great performing elephants," under the guidance and control of Mr. John Cooper (of lion-taming fame), perform marvels. It appears that "Billy," one of the largest specimens that ever performed, is totally blind, and is guided by the sound of Mr. Cooper's voice. The performances of the elephants are extremely curious and interesting.

PRINCIPAL RACES PAST.

NEWMARKET HOUGHTON MEETING.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 25.

THE FEATHER PLATE.—Sir J. D. Astley's b f Chocolate, by Mogador—Camelia, 2 yrs, 5st 7lb (Haywood), 1; Mr. R. F. Christopher's b c My Delight, 2 yrs, 6st 3lb (Cranham), 2; Capt. Machell's ch c Boniface, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb (F. Archer), 3. 7 ran.

THE OLD NURSERY STAKES (handicap).—Mr. W. S. Crawford's ch f Out of Bounds, by Hermit—Boundary, 8st 12lb (G. Fordham), 1; Duke of Hamilton's b c Exmouth, 8st 8lb (Custance), 2; Lord Fitzwilliam's b c The Dean, 7st 3lb (J. McDonald), 3. 9 ran.

A SELLING STAKES.—Mr. J. Sanders's b f Nydia, by Orest—Adelaide, by Y. Melbourne, 3 yrs, 8st 9lb (R. Wyatt), 1; Mr. A. Cooper's b c by Atherstone—Queen Esther, 2 yrs, 7st 7lb (Morgan), 2; Lord Calthorpe's ch c Hart Royal, 2 yrs, 7st 7lb (Watts), 3. 6 ran.

THE THIRD WELTER HANDICAP.—Prince Bathany's b f Bel Ange, by Julius—St. Angela, 3 yrs, 7st 9lb (Luke), 1; Mr. F. Davis's b c Hudibras, 3 yrs, 8st 6lb (Constable), 2; Mr. Shaw's b h Telescope, 6 yrs, 11st (J. Snowden), 3. 13 ran.

THE AGE-AGED STAKES.—Mr. T. Jennings's ch g Eccossa, by Blair Athol—Margery Daw, aged, 8st 13lb (J. Goater), 1; Capt. Prime's b h Trappist, 6 yrs, 9st 2lb (F. Archer), 2. 2 ran.

A SELLING NURSERY HANDICAP.—Mr. F. Bates's b f Extinguish, by Tyndale—Curfew Bell, 6st 9lb (W. McDonald), 1; Mr. R. Garrett's f by King o' Scots—Triumph, 6st 10lb (H. Covey), 2; Mr. Tattersall's Costarella, 6st 7lb (Barker), 3. 9 ran.

THE JOCKEY CLUB CUP.—Lord Falmouth's b c Silvio, by Blair Athol—Silverhair, 4 yrs, 8st 10lb (F. Archer), 1; Count F. de Lagrange's bl c Insulaire, 4 yrs, 8st 5lb (Fordham), 2; Mr. M. H. Sanford's br f Star, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb (Constable), 3. 6 ran.

A SWEETSTAKES.—Mr. R. Peck's br h Rowliston, by Victorious—Lady Geraldine, 5 yrs, 8st 11lb (5000) (Constable), 1; Duke of Hamilton's b c Suter, 3 yrs, 9st (5000) (Custance), 2; Col. Forester's br h Paramatta, 6 yrs, 8st 3lb (5000) (C. Wood), 3. 10 ran.

RENEWAL OF THE GLASGOW STAKES.—Count F. de Lagrange's ch c Rayon d'Or, by Flageolet—Araucaria, 8st 10lb (J. Goater), 1; Lord Falmouth's ch c Ringleader, 8st 10 lb (F. Archer), 2; Mr. W. S. Crawford's b c Glencairn, 8st 10lb (Fordham), 3. 3 ran.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26.

A SELLING PLATE.—Capt. Machell's br f Nydia, by Orest—Adelaide, by Y. Melbourne, 3 yrs, 8st 11lb (F. Archer), 1; Mr. J. Read's b f Extinguish, 3 yrs, 6st 11lb (Luke), 2; Mr. J. Cannon's ch f Patch, 2 yrs, 6st 11lb (Greaves), 3. 4 ran.

THE APPRENTICES' PLATE.—Mr. C. Bush's gr c Bishop Burton, by Strathconan—Hermione, 2 yrs, 6st 12lb (Godfrey), 1; Duke of Hamilton's b f Heliotrope, 2 yrs, 5st 7lb (Massey), 2; Mr. R. Howett's b f Titania II., 3 yrs, 8st 12lb (car 6st 12lb) (Lampough), 3. 14 ran.

THE CONSOLATION FREE HANDICAP.—Mr. F. Grettton's b c Singleton, by The Duke—Little Gordon, 3 yrs, 8st 13lb (Lemaire), 1; Count F. de Lagrange's b c Camembert, 3 yrs, 8st 12lb (J. Goater), 2; Mr. C. Alexander's ch c Thunderstone, 4 yrs, 8st 12lb (J. Morris), 3. 3 ran.

A SELLING WELTER PLATE.—Count Festetics's ch c Oasis, by The Palmer—Jenny Diver, 3 yrs, 9st (G. Fordham), 1; Capt. Machell's br f Nydia, 3 yrs, 8st 11lb (Constable), 2; Mr. J. Wood's b c Cobra, 3 yrs, 9st (Heather), 3. 3 ran.

THE SATURDAY STAKES.—Mr. O. Scavenius's ch f Mowerina, by Scottish Chief—Stockings, 8st 7lb (T. Cannon), 1; Count Festetics's ch c by Cambuscan—Crafter Lass, 8st 10lb (C. Clarke), 2. 2 ran.

THE HOUGHTON HANDICAP.—Mr. F. Grettton's b c Red Hazard, by Rosicrucian—Finesse, 3 yrs, 7st 5lb (Lemaire), 1; Count Festetics's b c Avenir, 4 yrs, 7st 6lb (Wood), 2; Count Lagrange's ch m Lina, 5 yrs, 8st 11lb (W. Johnson), 3. 7 ran.

A SELLING PLATE.—Col. Forester's br h Paramatta, by Victorious—Adelaide, by West Australian, 6 yrs, 9st (F. Archer), 1; Mr. R. Schofield's br g Templar, aged, 8st 11lb (Constable), 2; Duke of Hamilton's b c Admiral Nelson, 2 yrs, 7st 4lb (Lemaire), 3. 7 ran.

THE WINDING UP HANDICAP.—Lord Falmouth's br c Hydromel, by Parmesan—Niké, 3 yrs, 8st (Morgan), 1; M. Delatre's b c Clocher, 3 yrs, 8st 5lb (C. Wood), 2; Mr. Cameron's ch c Misenus, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb (Lemaire), 3. 3 ran.

CHELTENHAM AUTUMN MEETING.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 25.

THE PRESTBY HURDLE RACE.—Mr. D. Walters' ch f Wrangle, by Umpire—La Maudite, 3 yrs, 10st 11lb (inc 9lb extra) (T. Hale), 1; Mr. M. Fryer's b c Jamais Arriere, 4 yrs, 10st 12lb (H. Davis), 2; Mr. F. Tulk's b c Palestine, 4 yrs, 11st (M. H. M. Rudd), 3. 4 ran.

A SELLING HURDLE RACE.—Mr. E. P. Wilson's b g Alban, by Julius—Henriette, 5 yrs, 1st 9lb (Owner), 1. 6 ran.

THE CHELTENHAM AUTUMN STEEPLE-CHASE.—Mr. Morris's b m Brunette, by Lord of the Isles or Selim, dam by Dough, 6 yrs, 10st 6lb (H. Miles), w.o. For fifteen guineas.

A HUNTER'S SELLING FLAT RACE.—Mr. G. Riste's b g Rocket, by Jager—Sister to Merry Lad, aged, 12st 4lb (Owner), 1. 3 ran.

THE COTSWOLD HUNT CUP.—Mr. E. Dalglish's ch h Innishowen, by Uncas—Aneroid, 6 yrs, 11st (Owner), 1. 4 ran.

NORTHALLERTON AND NORTH RIDING RACES.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 25.

THE LANGTON HANDICAP SELLING PLATE.—Mr. W. Brown's ch f Ariel, by Macgregor—Ambuscade, 8st 2lb (inc 7lb extra) (Howey), 1; Mr. J. Winteringham's b c Oak Apple, 7st (G. Noble), 2; Mr. J. Osborne's b f Gherkin, 7st (Ellis), 3. 7 ran.

THE NORTHALLERTON WELTER HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. R. C. Vyner's br m Looking Glass, by Speculum—Jollity, 5 yrs, 9st 12lb (inc 4lb extra) (Griffiths), 1; Mr. J. Golby's b c Childe Harold, 3 yrs, 8st 11lb (inc 4lb extra) (Heslop), 2; Mr. G. D. Lye's br f Lady Millicent, 4 yrs, 9st 7lb (inc 4lb extra) (G. Cooke), 3. 13 ran.

THE BROOMFIELD NURSERY PLATE (handicap).—Duke of Montrose's br f Miss Martyr, by Martyrdom—Habet, 7st 3lb (Howey), 1; Mr. R. C. Vyner's b c Druscovitch, 7st 10lb (Fagan), 2; Mr. G. Brown's ch c Chance Shot, 7st 10lb (Cooke), 3. 9 ran.

THE HAREWOOD PLATE (handicap).—Mr. Thorold's b f Arrowroot, by Toxophilite—Beatrice, 3 yrs, 5st 9lb (Lazenby), 1; Mr. R. C. Vyner's b g Bargee, 5 yrs, 6st 6lb (Collins), 2; Mr. J. Chapman's ch g Owton, aged, 7st 7lb (Fagan), 3. 8 ran.

THE SELLING PLATE.—Mr. J. Colpitt's b g Little George, by Beadsman—Revival, aged, 9st (Fagan), 1; Mr. W. Wylie's bl f Lismore, 3 yrs, 8st 2lb (G. Barker), 2; Mr. T. Green's b f Passport, 4 yrs, 8st 12lb (Griffiths), 3. 8 ran.

THE NORTHALLERTON HURDLE HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. Best's b h Royal Blood, by King of Trumps—Queen of York, 5 yrs, 11st 2lb (M. Weldon), 1. 4 ran.

BRIGHTON AUTUMN MEETING.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 29.

THE MARINE WELTER HANDICAP.—Mr. E. Grain's ch c Le Promeneur, by Sauntere—Sunnylocks, 4 yrs, 8st 12lb (R. Wyatt), 1; Mr. Masque's br h Co nbrook, 6 yrs, 8st 2lb (Constable), 2; Mr. W. E. B. Hale's b h Vanguard, 6 yrs, 8st (E. Page), 3. 5 ran.

THE PRESTON PLATE.—Lord Anglesey's ch c Hart o' Greece, by King of the Forest—Acropolis, 8st 4lb (5000) (Constable), 1; Mr. Nightingall's b c Prince, 8st 7lb (5000) (Weedon), 2; Capt. Machell's b c King Cob, 9st (5000) (F. Archer), 3. 8 ran.

THE BRIGHTON NURSERY HANDICAP.—Mr. C. J. Langland's b o b f Herzegovina, by Restitution—Blackbird, 7st (A. Hall), 1; Mr. D. Cooper's b f Star and Garter (h-b), 7st 2lb (W. McDonald), 2; Mr. Noel's b c Favo, 8st 2lb (Constable), 3. 14 ran.

THE OVENDEAN PLATE.—Capt. Machell's br f Nydia, by Orest—Adelaide, 3 yrs, 9st 2lb (F. Archer), 1; Mr. R. Howett's b f Titania II., 2 yrs, 9st 2lb (Skelton), 2; Mr. W. Smith's gr f Parsimony, 2 yrs, 7st 9lb (T. Lane), 3. 12 ran.

THE SUSSEX WELTER HANDICAP.—Mr. F. Davis's b h Bonosman, by Beadsman—Scottish Queen, 5 yrs, 8st 4lb (car 8st 5lb) (F. Archer), 1; Mr. J. B. Peyton's br c Zononi, 3 yrs, 7st 10lb (Morrell), 2; Mr. W. Smith's br g Red Cross Knight, 5 yrs, 7st 8lb (T. Lane), 3. 15 ran.

A SELLING WELTER HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. Manning's br f Nonsense, by Master Fenton—Ninny, 4 yrs, 8st (inc 7lb extra) (F. Jeffery), 1; Mr. R. S. Evans's b c King Val, 3 yrs, 8st 5lb (F. Archer), 2; Mr. T. Golby's b m Glance, 5 yrs, 8st 3lb (Wainwright), 3. 9 ran.

THE BRIGHTON AUTUMN CUP.—Mr. Pulteney's br f Placida, by Lord Lyon—Pietas, 4 yrs, 10st (F. Archer), 1; Lord Anglesey's br c Conductor, 3 yrs, 7st 6lb (J. Watts), 2; Lord Howth's b f Phoebe, 3 yrs, 7st 3lb (W. McDonald), 3. 3 ran.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 30.

A JUVENILE HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. C. J. Bedford's ch f Sunnybree, by Lucydes—Nameless, Nannie, 7st 7lb (T. Lane), 1; Mr. H. Rymill's b c Mexico, 8st (Constable), 2; Mr. J. Johnson's ch f Merriment, 6st 2lb (Greaves), 3. 11 ran.

A SELLING WELTER HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. J. Johnson's br f Lighthouse, by Sterling—Beachy Head, 8 yrs, 8st 7lb (Maidment), 1; Mr. W. Gregory's b f Lady of the Forest, 3 yrs, 8st 9lb (Constable), 2; Mr. G. Lambert's br f Edith Plantagenet, 3 yrs, 8st 9lb (K. Wyatt), 3. 8 ran.

THE STREWARDS' CUP (welter handicap).—Lord Anglesey's br c Conductor, by Macaroni—Flicker, 3 yrs, 7st 11lb (Watts), 1; Mr. C. J. Langland's b c Don Carlos, 4 yrs, 8st 7lb (Constable), 2; Mr. S. Savage's b c Laburnum, 3 yrs, 7st 3lb (A. Hall), 3. 6 ran.

THE CORPORATION PLATE.—Mr. C. Bush's ch h Farnese, by Parmesan—

Lady Coventry, 5 yrs, 10st (Wyatt), 1; Mr. R. Howett's b f Titania, II., 3 yrs, 9st 2lb (Skelton), 2; Mr. E. Kent's ch c Hart, o' Greece, 2 yrs, 7st 12lb (A. Hall), 3. 5 ran.

THE BRIGHTON AUTUMN HANDICAP.—Lord Anglesey's br c Grey Friar, by Bluemantle—Recluse, by Hermit, 4 yrs, 7st 5lb (W. McDonald), 1; Mr. Pulteney's br f Placida, 4 yrs, 9st 9lb (inc 7lb extra) (F. Archer), 2; Mr. C. J. Cuthis's b c Alcizar, 3 yrs, 6st (Greaves), 3. 3 ran.

A SELLING HURDLE RACE.—Capt. A. Paget's b g Eirbeck, by Trumpeter—Hepatica, aged, 11st 10lb (J. Jones), 1; Mr. J. F. Alford's b f Oona, 3 yrs, 10st (W. Gilks), 2; Mr. J. Greenwood's br f Ayrshire Lass, 3 yrs, 10st (Mr. F. G. Hobson), 3. 3 ran.

THE SOUTHDOWN HURDLE RACE (handicap).—Mons. l'Enfant's ch c Hunger, by Earl or Vienna—Famine, 4 yrs, 10st 3lb (J. Marsh), 1; Lord M. Beresford's b m Caramel, aged, 12st (J. Jones), 2; Mr. Tuckwell's b m Belinda, 5 yrs, 11st (R. l'Anson), 3. 5 ran.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31.

A SELLING HANDICAP HURDLE RACE.—Mr. J. S. Halford's Oona, by The Baron—Pelerine, by Orpheus, 3 yrs, 10st 9lb (W. Gilks), 1. 4 ran.

A MAIDEN PLATE.—Count Jaraczewski's Eva, by Blair Athol—Miss Evelyn, 8st 7lb (F. Archer), 1; Mr. Kent's Hart o' Greece, 9st 3lb (inc 7lb ex) (F. Webb), 2; Mr. T. Cannon's Sideral, 8st 10lb (Watts), 3. 3 ran.

A MAIDEN HUNTERS' FLAT RACE.—Mr. T. Golby's Gaper, 4 yrs, 11st 7lb (Mr. Revell), 1. 8 ran.

THE BOTTLINGDEAN NURSERY HANDICAP.—Count Jaraczewski's Eva, 8st 5lb (car 8st 6lb) (F. Archer), 1; Mr. E. Kent's Hart o' Greece, 8st (Morrell), 2; Mr. C. Blanton's Heliotrope, 7st 3lb (Haywood), 3. 11 ran.

THE BRISTOL MILE NURSERY HANDICAP.—Mr. T. Cannon's Coriander II., by Mandrake—Corisande, 7st (Gallon), 1; Major Stapleton's Salamis, 8st 9lb (W. Macdonald), 2; Mr. F. Leleu's Leith (late Bertie), 7st 2lb (Morrell), 3. 13 ran.

A SELLING WELTER HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. Blewitt's Gadfly, by Stradbroke or Wild Moor—Madame Walter, 3 yrs, 7st 11lb (5000) (Andrews), 1; Mr. W. Gregory's Lady of the Forest, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb (Constable), 2; Mr. T. Cannon's Loris, 3 yrs, 8st (5000) (J. Watts), 3. 9 ran.

THE BRIGHTON TOWN PLATE HANDICAP.—Mr. Humphrey's King David, by King of the Forest—Atomement, 3 yrs, 8st 5lb (W. Macdonald), 1; Mr. C. S. Hardy's Fieldaire, 4 yrs, 9st 6lb (F. Archer), 2; Mr. T. Cannon's Lighthouse, 3 yrs, 9st (J. Watts), 3. 8 ran.

LINCOLN AUTUMN MEETING.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 29.

THE CHAPLIN STAKES.—Lord Zetland's b f Ellangowan, by Strathconan—Poinsettia, 8st 12lb (Snowden), 1; Mr. T. Jennings's b f Abbaye, 9st (W. Johnson), 2; Mr. Savile's bl f Amice, 9st (J. Goater), 3. 5 ran.

THE WITHAM SELLING STAKES.—Mr. C. Hibbert's ch f Isolana, by Speculum—Maggiore, 2 yrs, 6st 6lb (Collins), 1; Mr. G. Potter's ch c Monachus, 4 yrs, 8st 6lb (car 8st 7lb) (J. Goater), 2; Mr. A. Cooper's b c by Atherstone—Queen Esther, 2 yrs, 6st 9lb (Lemaire), 3. 5 ran.

THE GREAT TOM STAKES (handicap).—Lord Downe's b h Ambergris, by Hermit—Frangipani, 5 yrs, 8st 12lb (H. Jeffery), 1; Mr. C. Perkins's ch n Roehampton, 5 yrs, 8st 4lb (car 8st 5lb) (Snowden), 2; Count Lagrange's ch m Lina, 5 yrs, 8st 7lb (J. Goater), 3. 5 ran.

A HUNTERS' HURDLE RACE PLATE.—Mr. E. Heneage's ch g Bonny Blue Flag, by Blair Athol—Columbia, 5 yrs, 11st (Mr. Robinson), 1; Mr. Cunningham's b h Adieu, aged, 12st 6lb (Mr. R. Marsh), 2; Mr. T. Bisset's b g Robert de Todnei (h-b), aged, 12st 2lb (Mr. Brockton), 3. 9 ran.

THE GAUTBY NURSERY PLATE.—Lord Zetland's b f Valseuse, by Strathconan—Valse, 7st 2lb (Morgan), 1; Mr. T. Lindsay's br c Jester II., 7st 7lb (Fagan), 2; Mr. A. Cooper's ch f Ripple, 7st (Lemaire), 3. 3 ran.

A HUNTERS' SELLING HURDLE RACE.—Mr. J. Dickinson's br f Atrocity, by Martyrdom—Vienna, 4 yrs, 11st (Chambers), 1. 4 ran.

THE JOHNSTON PLATE (handicap).—Mr. Crompton's b f Blue Bonnet, by Macgregor—Jennie, by Newminster, 3 yrs, 7st 2lb (Morgan), 1; Capt. D. Lane's ch c Cannon Ball, 4 yrs, 7st 9lb (C. Wood), 2; Mr. C. Hibbert's br f Pearlina, 3 yrs, 7st 11lb (Lemaire), 3. 4 ran.

WEDNESDAY.

THE HAINTON PLATE (welter handicap).—Mr. C. Hibbert's br f Pearlina, by Brown Bread—Defamation, 3 yrs, 8st 12lb (C. Wood), 1; Capt. D. Lane's b c Somnus, 4 yrs, 8st 12lb, J. Manser, 2; Mrs. Drewett's ch m Lady Mostyn, 5 yrs, 9st, J. Goater, 4 ran.

THE DODDINGTON SELLING PLATE.—Mr. R. Schofield's b f Kapanga, by Victorious—Kapanga, 7st 9lb, Lemaire, 1; Mr. Patmore's ch f Coquette, 7st 9lb, Morgan, 2; Mr. Hibbert's ch f Isolana, 7st 9lb, C. Wood, 3. 8 ran.

A HUNTER'S FLAT RACE.—Mr. R. Howett's ch g Puck, by Midsummer—Mimosa, 5 yrs, 13st 2lb, Mr. H. Shaw, 5 ran.

THE LINCOLN AUTUMN HANDICAP.—Mr. C. Perkins's b m Umbria, by Camerino—Australia, 5 yrs, 8st 6lb (J. Snowden), 1; Mr. Heneage's br c Hennix, 3 yrs, 7st (Lemaire), 2; Count F. de Lagrange's ch m Lina, 5 yrs, 8st 12lb (J. Goater), 3. 4 ran.

THE BLANKNEY NURSERY HANDICAP.—Capt. D. Lane's b f Winslow's Soothing Syrup, by Winslow—Plum, 6st 12lb (car 6st 13lb) (Hopkins), 1; Mr. R. Walker's ch f Dresden China, 8st 5lb (Morgan), 2; Mr. T. Jennings's b f Abbaye, 8st 5lb (Goater), 3. 5 ran.

A MAIDEN HURDLE RACE PLATE.—Mr. W. H. Manser's b c Idler, by Sauntere—Sunnylocks, 10st 3lb (Ransom), w.o.

THE FOSSDYKE SELLING WELTER HANDICAP did not fill.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31.

THE CARHOLME PLATE, (a high weight handicap).—Mr. R. Schofield's Templar, by Adventurer—Lady Palmerston, aged, 8st 7lb (J. Goater), 1. 7 ran.

THE BROWNLOW NURSERY PLATE (handicap).—Mr. Chaplin's Thundercloud, by Thunderbolt—Niina, 7st (car 7st 1lb) (Hopkins), 1; Captain D. Lane's Flyaway Dick, 7st 10lb (C. Wood), 2; Mr. R. Howett's Lady Dixie, 7st (Luke), 3. 5 ran.

THE PELHAM SELLING STAKES.—Mr. C. Hibbert's Isolana, by Speculum—Maggiore, 2 yrs, 7st 6lb (Hopkins), 1; Mr. W. Brown's Calabria, 2 yrs, 7st 4lb (Luke), 2; Mr. Vyner's Aurelia, 4 yrs, 9st 4lb (J. Osborne), 3. 8 ran.

THE ELSHAM WELTER HANDICAP.—Mr. T. Jennings's Paul's Cray, by Paul Jones—Scintilla, 3 yrs, 8st 9lb (Goater), 1; Mr. Vyner's Ironstone, 6 yrs, 9st 4lb (J. Osborne), 2; Mr. Heneage's Hennix, 3 yrs, 8st 4lb (Morgan), 3. 3 ran.

A SELLING HUNTER'S FLAT RACE.—Mr. J. Craig's Huntingfield, by Mousley—Roe, 1st 7lb (Mr. H. Marsh), 1. 5 ran.

THE TALLY-HO STEEPLE-CHASE PLATE.—Mr. G. Wellborough's Safeguard, by Theobald—Eurydice, aged, 12st 5lb (including 10lb extra) (Mr. G. Walker), 1. 10 ran.

HER MAJESTY'S PLATE.—Mr. Stephenson's Knight Templar, by the Baroness Croft, 4 yrs, 9st 7lb (Fagan), 1; Lord Doure's Ambergris, 5 yrs, 9st 11lb (H. Jeffery), 2; Mr. Perkins's Roehampton, 5 yrs, 9st 11lb (Snowden), 3. 6 ran.

WORCESTER AUTUMN MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 30.

THE HURDLE RACE PLATE (handicap).—Sir W. Throckmorton's b f Annette, by The Speaker—Lady Di, 4 yrs, 12st 2lb (J. Adams), 1; Mr. W. Burton's ch f Sweet Pea, 3 yrs, 10st 2lb (Barlow), 2; Mr. Toon's b c Kinsman, 4 yrs, 10st 11lb (J. Toon), 3. 8 ran.

THE ROUS SELLING PLATE.—Lord Bateman's b f Perforce, by Wilberforce—Threat, 7st 10lb (Collins), 1; Mr. Paget's ch c Riding Master, 8st (J. McDonald), 2; Mr. Lynham's b f Miss Eva, 7st 10lb (J. Jarvis), 3. 10 ran.

THE UNITED HUNT FLAT RACE PLATE.—Mr. Drake's br c Quits, by Restitution—Worthless, 4 yrs, 12st 11lb (Mr. Crawshaw), 1; Mr. J. Holman's b g Sir Morgan, 5 yrs, 12st 8lb (Mr. W. Holman), 2; Mr. W. Wilson's Golden Cross, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb (Mr. E. P. Wilson), 3. 4 ran.

AN ALL AGED SELLING PLATE.—Mr. Ingram's br f Bravissima, by Plaudit—Cameo, 3 yrs, 8st (J. Jarvis), 1; Sir W. Throckmorton's bl c Guenilla, 2 yrs, 6st 12lb (Collins), 2; Mr. Potter's b c Titus Flavius, 3 yrs, 8st 3lb (Aldridge), 3. 13 ran.

THE NURSERY PLATE HANDICAP.—Mr. F. Payne's b c Cornet, by Trumpet—British Queen, 7st 5lb (Loates), 1; Mr. J. Harding's ch c by Savernake—Pillon, 6st 11lb (Mallows), 1; Mr. W. Saunders's ch f Sanctuary, 6st 2lb (Collins), 4. 10 ran.

THE GRAND STAND PLATE HANDICAP.—Mr. E. Bayley's b h Sea Lawyer by Mariner—Codice, 5 yrs, 10st 11lb (Mordan), 1; Mr. J. Robinson's b c Serape, 4 yrs, 9st 12lb (Loates), 2; Mr. Pennant's b c Distingue, 4 yrs, 10st 1lb (Glover), 3. 10 ran.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31.

THE SHORTS SELLING WELTER HANDICAP PLATE.—Lord Kesteven's Flame, by Vespasian—Flash, 3 yrs, 9st 2lb (T. Osborne), 1; Mr. C. Howard's Caradoc, 4 yrs, 10st 5lb (Chandler), 2; Mr. E. Weaver's Maid of Honour, 3 yrs, 9st 3lb (Glover), 3. 9 ran.

THE VISITORS' SELLING STAKES.—Mr. Ingram's Bravissima, by Plaudit—Cameo, 3 yrs, 8st 3lb (J. Jarvis), 1; Mr. J. Holman's Titus Flavius, 3 yrs, 7st 5lb (Mallows), 2; Mr. Bayley's Ancient Mariner, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb (Mordan), 3. 9 ran.

A SELLING HUNTERS' HURDLE RACE was declared void.

THE YEOMANRY CUP OF 40 SOVS.—Mr. Moore's Merry Belle, 6 yrs, 13st 10lb (Mr. Bayliss), 1; Mr. Andrew's gelding, by Victor, 4 yrs, 11st 10lb (Mr. Winder), 2; Mr. Smith's Trapper, 6 yrs, 12st 10lb (Owner), 3. 8 ran.

THE WORCESTER AUTUMN HANDICAP.—Mr. Case-Walker's Blue Ruin, by Blue Mantle—Raffie, 4 yrs, 8st (Aldridge), 1; Mr. A. Bayley's Mistress of the Robes, 3 yrs, 6st 7lb (Collins), 2; Mr. Legh's Julius Celsus, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb (Glover), 3. 5 ran.

THE DEBBURST NURSERY SELLING HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. G. Trimmer's Weatherwise, by Knight of the Garter—Changeable, 7st 9lb (car 7st 11lb) (Mordan), 1; Lord Kesteven's Tuncel, 7st 11lb (Hemmanis), 2; Mr. S. Davis's f by Flash in the Pan—Titbit, by Teddington, 7st 10lb (H. Wyatt), 3. 8 ran.

THE AUTUMN FLYING STAKES (handicap).—Mr. Wadlow's Instantly, by Paul Clifford—Algazelle, aged, 8st 12lb (Glover), 1; Mr. Cheese's Creature, 3 yrs, 6st 7lb (Phillips), 2; Sir R. Rushout's Ray, 3 yrs, 6st 9lb (Collins), 3. 11 ran.

SKETCHES IN THE HUNTING-FIELD.

No. 3.—THE DEALER.

OCCASIONALLY among the followers of the Meadowmere Hounds, with which I usually hunted, and more often with a neighbouring pack which came within reach of us at intervals, I was accustomed to notice a stranger, whom I mentally called the Major, from his close resemblance to a gallant officer whose name was pretty generally known. The Major appeared to be a reserved man. He never accorded to me that cheery greeting which pursuers of the same foxes soon came to exchange even without having previously gone through the ceremony of a formal introduction; neither was he, as a rule, communicative to other members of the hunt, though at times I observed him exchanging salutes with men as they cantered past, his portion of the exchange consisting of a military inclination of two fingers to the brim of his hat. The Major was somewhat tall—or looked so on his horse—but slim in proportion, and rode well under twelve stone. His whiskers were rigorously shaved off in a line with the lobes of his ears; a black double-seamed coat, cord breeches, and butcher boots formed his invariable attire; but what chiefly attracted my attention were the horses he rode and the manner in which he rode them. Almost always his mount was a young animal that could certainly not have had much experience of the chase, and seemed to be more than likely in the course of a run to discover that perfect equanimity which was the Major's most prominent characteristic. So a casual observer would have supposed. But though often excitable on first coming among the other horses—or rather into their neighbourhood, for the Major generally sat by himself a little apart from groups of chatting and smoking sportsmen, attended only by a servant—by some means the colt was speedily reduced to placidity; and when it came to running, the manner in which the pair acquitted themselves was delightful and withal marvellous to behold. Between horse and rider, as between husband and wife, the secret of travelling successfully over the obstacles which mark alike the hunting-field and the matrimonial existence is only known to those who understand each other; and, indeed, chiefly consists of that understanding. By what subtle means the Major impressed upon a four-year-old that he must not plunge and fight with his rider at the covert side I must regretfully confess my ignorance, but this lesson he was certainly fortunate in conveying. If I ride a young horse he bucks and kicks, or at any rate, as a very general rule, fidgets considerably and uncomfortably when he joins his companions; and as the whimper which hints at a find swells into a chorus of conviction, gives such tokens of exuberant delight as effectually prevent me from criticising with Mr. Checkley the manner in which the hounds are working. There was no vulgar whipping, spurring, and shouting on the Major's part when premonitory symptoms of unruliness set in. His quiet admonitions were imperceptibly conveyed; and, reduced to perfect quietude, his young horse appeared to share his rider's desire to get away without any fuss or nonsense on a good line of his own. Evidently the Major preferred schooling young ones, for his green-coated groom was invariably mounted on a finished hunter, which always appeared to the best advantage in his skilful hands. The Major's stud was endless, and the number of young horses he had for his own riding, and of made hunters for his groom or grooms—sometimes there were two of them—would apparently have filled the stables of the Master of the Meadowmere and of his two neighbouring brethren. At times, moreover, the Major was accompanied by a young lady, for whom, amongst his resources, he was always able to find a mount whose appearance matched her pretty face, and whose good qualities were abundantly evident under the gentle but firm hands of its accomplished mistress. When the Major did get away, too, there was no mistake about his style of going. His young horses became possessed of a discretion beyond their years. They neither refused their fences nor rushed them, but slipped over, bringing their hind legs well under them, and, lighting on those agile and muscular limbs, were well away on the other side, while the rushers, who had jumped at double the pace, were pulling themselves together, and getting into their stride again—if they found their way safely over, as was not invariably the case.

My introduction to the Major was brought about accidentally. A gate through which I was passing swung back more rapidly than I expected, and missing the push with my hunting-crop, that should have warded off a collision, the lock caught my stirrup and dragged it off. An attempt to fish it up without leaving the saddle was unsuccessful, and I did not want to dismount if it could be avoided, as that necessarily involved mounting again, which is not a very easy ceremony to perform when your horse is restive and the plough deep. At this juncture, therefore, I was much gratified to find that the Major had courteously slid from his saddle, and with a most polite "Pray allow me, sir," handed me up the leather and iron. His legs were longer than mine, and his horse both quieter and lower, so that he was again in his seat before I could utter a fitting expression of thanks and of shame to have given him so much trouble; to which civil speeches he made suitable response as we cantered on together towards where the hounds had checked a couple of fields beyond. If the Major had struck me as being reserved, he was unquestionably most polite of speech, and as we proceeded onward we naturally verged into the subject of horsemanship, which enabled me to pay a well-deserved compliment to the four-year-old iron-grey horse he was riding.

"A good-looking young horse you are on to-day—sir," I said, just stopping in time to avoid saying "Major."

"Yes; I think he will grow into a serviceable animal," he replied, glancing as he spoke down the fence we were approaching, and over which his groom, on a raking chestnut mare, bounded in the most irreproachable form. "My servant is on the pick of my stable this morning," he continued; "but I was anxious to see what the young one was like."

It would only have been courteous, I thought, if the Major had said something amiable about my horse, a nearly thoroughbred bay, which came very near indeed to my *beau ideal* of a hunter; and presently he did glance over my steed, slightly—very slightly—contracting his eyebrows as his eyes fell on the animal's near hind leg. I, too, had looked at that hock several times before writing rather a stiff cheque. Was it just a little full? and, if so, what could have caused it? Spavin is such an ugly word I did not like to think of it, and had succeeded in persuading myself that it was all right; but the Major's glance falling just on what had laboured under suspicion of being a weak place was disquieting.

"A very useful little horse, that, sir, I should say—especially when it isn't too heavy going?" was his commendation, and it sounded very like an adverse criticism. "For a cramped country that is just the stamp of horse I like."

Now we do not consider our country cramped; the adjective "useful" seemed to me to fall far short of my steed's deserts, and the reservation about the too heavy going, particularly when taken in conjunction with the term "little," meant, if it meant anything, that the animal was overweighted. In common with many of my species, I entertain views as to the value of my own opinion, as opposed to the opinions of the world in general, which—well, which perhaps my friends don't share with me. Still, the judgment of a man who rode like the Major was not to

be despised, and when I saw his eye wander once more to that hind leg I began to feel doubts and dissatisfactions in striking contrast to the sentiment of serene content I had experienced as I rode that morning into the field.

"That black-and-white hound has it. No? Yes!" he suddenly exclaimed, as a whimper half-way between a query and an assertion drew affirmative responses from the pack, and they crashed through a thorn fence. "Surely that boy of mine doesn't mean to have those rails?" he cried, as the chestnut mare went straight for some excessively ugly timber rather out of the line which led over the thinnish fence aforesaid. "He does, though! Splendidly done!" he continued, as the mare bounded over without suspicion of a touch.

"Yes," I replied; "it must be a man's own fault if he fails to keep his place on that mare, I should think. Have you many up now?" I asked, as we went smoothly over the grass.

"Pretty full, just at present, sir, and I should be very happy if you would come and look at them some day," he replied.

"You are very good, I'm sure, and I should be delighted," I said, much pleased with my companion's affability, and likewise at the prospect of an afternoon's visit to such a stable as the Major's must be.

"I shan't hunt on Friday, if you care to ride over, sir?" he rejoined, handing me a card; and before I could answer his invitation we approached another section of the rails over which his mare had distinguished herself. My perfect beast stopped dead at them, while the Major, coming up on his young one a length behind, shot over with considerable ease, just faintly tapping the top with a fore-foot, but not enough to disconcert horse or rider in the least. A second attempt carried me over, or rather through, for a broken rail was the consequence of an effort with too much steam on, and at the next check, to which a particularly dodgy fox speedily brought us, I found myself near a friend.

"What a good fellow the Major seems," I remarked to him, as that gallant officer landed in the field some distance from us.

"Yes, don't he, charming—who are you talking about?" he replied.

"The man on the grey," I answered, pointing him out.

"Why 'the Major'?" he asked. "I'm not aware that he's a major, except in the sense of being an old soldier, perhaps. That's Scrutton, the dealer."

"He talks like a gentleman," I said, looking at his card which, sure enough, was inscribed "Mr. Scrutton, The Farm, Coverton." "Do you know him? What sort of a fellow is he?" I asked my friend.

"Well, he's a horse dealer," I was again informed.

"So you said; but is he all right?"

"For a horse dealer, I dare say he is," my friend duly answered, evidently entertaining the common prejudice, which may or may not be well founded, as to the integrity of the race.

On the Friday, however, I determined to ride over and at any rate have a look at what was to be seen at The Farm, and an hour's trot, with a gallop over Coverton Common, brought me in sight of Scrutton's establishment, an old-fashioned, high-roofed, red-tiled house, with what had been farm buildings, and were now stables, stretching to the right and back. In a field near the house some flights of hurdles had been placed, over which Scrutton was persuasively handing another of his young ones, while a boy on a good-looking old hunter was standing by, ready, I supposed, to give an occasional hand if necessary; and beyond this field on the common I perceived lines of fences of various sizes carefully made up and rendered unfit for the use of casual passers-by who might be inclined to jump, by chains fastened to posts about a couple of yards on the landing side. My "Major" dismounted as I rode up and saluted me in his accustomed fashion, as a groom came forward to take my horse.

"I trust you will permit me to offer you a little luncheon, sir, after your ride?" he courteously inquired, leading the way to a parlour where a snowy cloth was laid, and bright glasses and shining plate caught the reflections of a comfortable fire. It was evidently his rôle to play the host and not the horse-dealer; and while we discussed some excellent chops, the mealiest of potatoes, the brightest of ale, and a glass of perfect dry sherry, the subject of horseflesh was not touched upon. A cigar, which did no discredit to the luncheon, duly followed; and then, as if making a casual suggestion for the purpose of amusing a guest, and without the faintest thought of trade, my host carelessly observed, "Shall we look through the stables?" to which, on my acquiescing, he led the way.

If I were a horse I should wish no better fate than to be quartered at Scrutton's, at any rate so far as board and lodging are concerned. Pleasantly warm, without being in the least close, scrupulously clean and beautifully neat in those little details which concern appearance as well as health and comfort, Scrutton's stables must have been a home which their inmates quitted with regret; for here the happy mean was evidently reached, and the horses neither suffered from the carelessness on the one hand, nor the excessive pampering on the other, which bring on so many of the complaints that equine flesh is heir to. Overfeeding, want of regular exercise, and the atmosphere of a stable the temperature of a hot-house, do more damage than many kind masters imagine.

"Fine horse that!" I exclaimed, as a groom, at a signal from his master, loosened the clothes on a big thoroughbred-looking brown.

"He is indeed, sir; almost the best horse in my stable. He carried the Marquis of W— so well through the great run last season at Blackbrook that the gentleman I bought him from wrote next morning to offer 400 guineas. He was too much of a horse for his new owner, however, and I was glad to give the price for him. That's the mare my servant was on last Tuesday; I picked her up very cheap in Ireland at the sale of Lord Wallaway's stud—£200—a great bargain and a beautiful jumper; do you care to try her over the hurdles? Perhaps she's scarcely up to your weight, sir," he continued, seeing that I hesitated, for though disposed to buy a horse if I found one that I cared for, I was not inclined to deal for animals which had been picked up cheaply for 400 guineas, or even £200. Considering the expense of carriage from Ireland, keep, &c., and a reasonable profit for the dealer, which one could not fairly refuse, the price would mount up speedily to considerable dimensions.

"That is a hack my daughter rides," he went on, as we passed to the next stall, which contained a splendid little bay mare, "and this is Gloucester; he runs in the Grand Military next week, and will not be far from winning, I imagine," and he pointed to the occupant of a capacious loose box, a powerful black horse which put back his ears and swished his tail as the portal of his residence was opened. "The iron-grey by the door is a young one I rode last season, half-brother to the one I was on last Tuesday; capital hunter, rising six."

"Does he jump?" I asked.

"And gallop," he answered. "Do you care to take him round the training ground? I can have it unchained in a moment."

"Just over the hurdles will do," I reply, not quite caring about the unknown obstacles of what no doubt seemed a moderate course to Scrutton, but might have had a different appearance to a stranger on a young horse. A neatly-fitting saddle was on the grey's back in a moment, and over the hurdles he certainly bounded as if he liked nothing better. Perhaps, as a short time afterwards we discussed another glass of the sherry, Scrutton painted the grey's good qualities a little too brightly, and it would not be correct to call him a cheap horse. To haggle with

Scrutton is, however, impossible. You would lower your own dignity, destroy the agreeable spirit of the intercourse which has existed between you, hurt his feelings, and not abate his price. Indeed, he would not baffle, I am sure, though I do not speak from experience. He mentions the price of his horse, and you can take it or leave it, as you please. He does not puff his animals, though he may take the opportunity of drawing your attention to the manner in which they are going in the field with his servants on their backs; which is a perfectly legitimate proceeding. The fact of a horse being in his stable is supposed to stamp it as sound and serviceable, and just a little out of the common. He does not, of course, depreciate his horses, and if you ask straightforward questions he gives straightforward answers: if he seemed to say a little too much in favour of my grey, it was because I inquired into details. He does not sell unsound horses, one simple reason being that it would not pay him to do so. If I wanted another horse I should go to Scrutton, and the man who wants a wife and succeeds in persuading Scrutton's daughter to accept the position, will, I should imagine, marry a very good girl with a substantial dowry.

RAPIER.

THE peal of 12 bells recently presented to St. Paul's Cathedral by the Corporation, Lady Burdett Coutts, and various companies of the City of London, will be solemnly opened on Friday next (All Saints' Day), immediately after the afternoon service. The total weight of the bells is over 271 cwt.

THE passion of King Louis II., of Bavaria, for the music of Wagner is well known. He is now preparing at the Grand Theatre at Munich, for himself alone, a series of performances of the tetralogy of the "Nibelungen." The four parts will be given in the following order:—November 11th, the "Rheingold;" 12th, the "Walkure;" 14th, "Siegfried;" 15th, "Götterdämmerung."

AN effort is being made to relieve the necessities of Mr. J. B. Buckstone, who for so many years afforded amusement at the Haymarket Theatre, and who is now in great distress. He is unable to move without assistance, and his memory has entirely gone. Donations may be sent to the editor of the *Whitehall Review* (who has consented to act as treasurer), 6, York-street, Covent Garden.

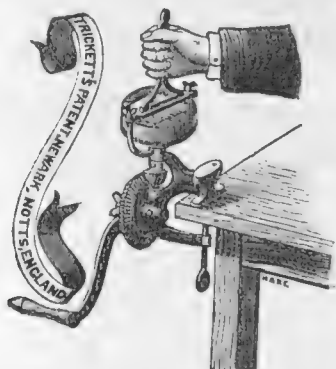
THE New Winter Garden at Cheltenham will be opened on Wednesday next by Lord Fitzhardinge, supported by a distinguished company.

MR. SAMUEL BRANDRAM, M.A., will give a recital of Shakespeare's comedy of *The Tempest*, in aid of the organ fund of St. Mark's Church, at the Kilburn Town Hall, on Thursday evening, November 14th, 1878, at eight o'clock precisely. Miss Jessie Jones will sing the incidental music.

ON Saturday, at the Rotherham County Court—before Mr. T. Ellison, judge—Thomas Bramall, publican, Sheffield, sued Thomas Houndsfield, Hackenthorpe, to recover £21, the value of a harrier which had been shot by him. It appeared that the harrier was the property of the plaintiff, who was a member of the Sheffield Harriers' Hunt. On the day named the hounds had been out, and crossed one of the defendant's fields. He was annoyed at this trespass, and shot the animal in such a manner that it would never be good for hunting again. The shooting was [not denied, but it was contended that the animal was not worth the amount put upon it. Verdict for plaintiff for five guineas and cost of eight witnesses.

THE royal pack of buckhounds will finish forest hunting next week, after three weeks' sport in the Swinley Forest and Bagshot districts, preliminary to the opening of the public hunting season, which commences next month at Salt Hill, near Slough, Bucks.

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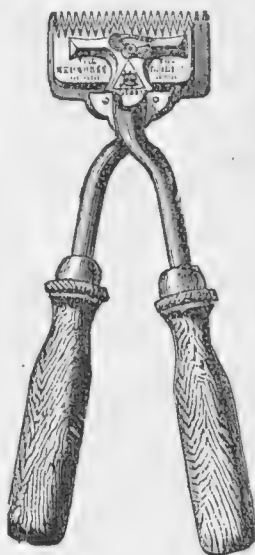
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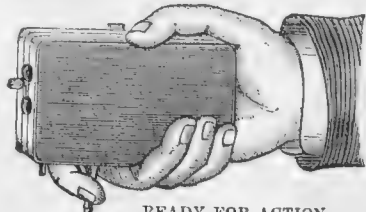


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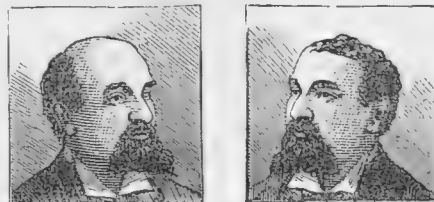
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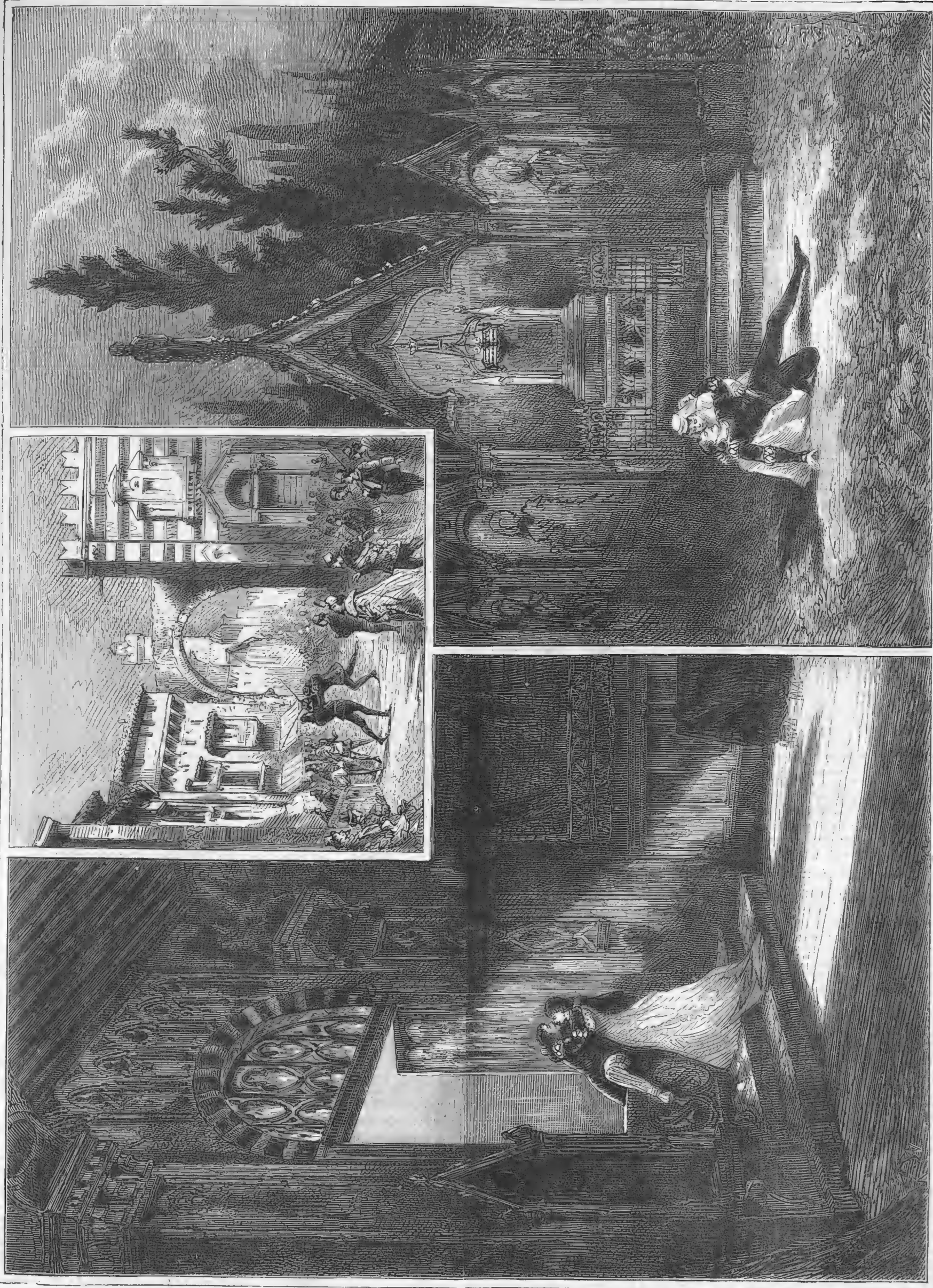
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The Editor will not be responsible for the return of rejected communications, and to this rule he can make no exception.

All business communications to be addressed to the MANAGER.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DRAMATIC.

ANTI-H.—A printer's blunder, against which it seems impossible for any
degree of editorial care to prevail, converted the word *inconsequent* into
consequent in last week's reply to this correspondent.

PLAYWRIGHT.—Zara was translated from the French by Mr. Hill, in 1735,
was successfully revived for the benefit of Mrs. Cibber, at Covent Garden
Theatre, on Saturday, March 16, 1751, when Barry played Osman, and
was frequently reproduced, always with the same success, during the seasons
1751-2 and 1752-3. It was revived at Drury Lane, and met with
immense success in the spring of 1755, for Mossop's benefit, and continued
to be repeated to crowded audiences till 1754, and in 1757 was again
revived for the benefit of Mr. Ross, and again successfully.

ONE OF THEM.—A great deal of confusion in histrionic biographies has
arisen from the once well-known fact of actors and actresses in strolling
companies playing in out-of-the-way country places under the
names of famous players in London. The blunder you name doubtless
arose from such a cause.

E. G.—It was the custom on the stage at the beginning of the last century
for the actors who personated ancient Greek or Roman heroes always
to do so in the huge wigs, known in their day as "full-bottomed perukes."
Mrs. George Anne Bellamy, in her "Apology," tells the following story
of the way in which they came to be abandoned:—"A ridiculous circumstance
happened during the getting up of the *Prophetess*, which, though
trivial in itself, as it shows the absurdity of the times, I am induced to
give an account of. Mr. Ross did me the honour to consult me in what
manner he should dress the character of the Roman emperor. I gave him
such directions as in my idea appeared most consonant to the character.
Among other things, I recommended him to have a wig made as near a
head of hair as it could possibly be. He told me that Mr. Rich thought
it should be a full-bottomed one. I could not help smiling at such an
absurdity. But, putting on a grave look, I replied, 'Then let it be as
large a one as you can get. And to render yourself the more conspicuous,'
continued I, 'must not you wear a hoop under your lamberkins?'
The serious air I assumed whilst I uttered this deceived the hero, notwithstanding the proposal was so apparently preposterous, and he determined
to adopt the mode I pointed out. Thus bedizened when he came on,
the night of representation, there never surely appeared on any stage
so grotesque a figure. The house was in a roar. But no one was more
diverted with the humorous scene than myself. By this joke, which I
could scarcely believe possible, was every person present, except the poor
emperor himself, indebted to me for a laugh which I thought would never
have an end. It, however, was attended with a good consequence, by
breaking through one of the most absurd customs that was ever introduced
on the English stage, that of dressing the Grecian and Roman heroes in
full-bottomed perukes," such as our judges still wear.

PROVINCIAL LEADING MAN.—There is nothing new in your idea. It has
been repeatedly urged. In the beginning of the present century Mr.
Thomas Jackson published a very ingenious defence of Shylock, in which
he endeavoured to show that the Jew had reasonable cause for the
bitterness of his rage and fierce revenge. From that time to the present,
apologists for the character have gone over the same ground, all of them

strangely overlooking the lines in which Shakspeare makes him say in
one place,—

"I hate him, for he is a Christian,
But more, for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him."

And in another

"tell me not of mercy—
This is the fool that lends out money gratis."

It is not for the contempt of himself as a greedy and crafty money-lender,
without feeling or conscience, nor for the aid Antonio gave in carrying
off his daughter and property, but simply because the Venetian merchant's
generosity was great enough to bring down the rate of usance. Attempts
to make a patriot and martyr out of such material is simply absurd.
If you go on the stage to play Shylock with so false an idea of the
character, we are sure that you will never succeed in depicting "the Jew
that Shakspeare drew."

M. NICHOLSON.—1. *The Winter's Tale* was successfully revived by
John Kemble, on March 25th, 1802, at Drury Lane Theatre. 2. It was
Lord Orford who first pointed out that it was intended in compliment to
Queen Elizabeth, as an indirect apology for her mother, Anne Boleyn. 3.
It was Garrick who first altered and condensed it into three acts, on
which occasion he played Leontes, Woodward the clown, Yates Autolycus,
Mrs. Cibber Perdita, and Mrs. Pritchard Hermione.

HENRY POWELL.—On good authority, as will be seen by the following
extract from *The Morning Herald* of October 23rd, 1802:—"Mdlle.
Chameroy, the Parisian actress, was interred on the 17th instant, in the
evening, about seven o'clock; her remains were attended by a long pro-
cession; it consisted of numerous deputations from all the theatres. But
an unfortunate event occurred which disturbed the solemnity of this
melancholy ceremony; when the procession had reached the church of
Saint Roch they found the gates shut, and the curate declared that Mdlle.
Chameroy, having died an actress, she was excommunicated by the canon
laws, and could not be received into the church. Every effort was made
to induce him to alter his opinion, but in vain. He declared he could not
relax in the least, unless they produced him a certificate of the confession
of the deceased; and as this could not be done, he persisted that the
gates of the church should remain shut. These delays caused an immense
crowd to assemble, and it was proposed by some that the gates of the
church should be forced, and by others that the refusal of the curate
should be formally verified. Neither of these measures were adopted:
the body was taken to the church of St. Thomas, where it was received
without any opposition."

WOODWARD SHARP.—1. Mr. Westland Marston's version of Don
Augustin, Moreto's famous old Spanish play, was produced at the
Princess's Theatre on January 18th, 1861. 2. It is by the hands of
actors that Shakspeare's plays have always been most impudently dealt
with, on pretence of improving them for the stage they were originally
written to appear upon.

PAT.—The first theatre in Dublin was built by Lord Strafford, in 1635, in
Verburgh-street. It was closed in 1641. The first theatre in Smock
Alley, then called Orange-street, was erected soon after the Restoration.
Dublin did not have three theatres until 1733, when a second was opened
in Ramsford-street, and a third in George's-lane.

C. H. C.—The Rev. J. Panton Ham's book on "The Pulpit and the
Stage" was not favourably noticed in our Reviews. Your friend makes a
mistake.

DOUBTFUL.—You are going beyond the scope of our contributor's remarks.
Without ignoring the simple and generally admitted fact that our theatres
are places of amusement, we may readily admit that they serve much higher
purposes. We cannot side with those who would deprive the drama of
its nobler, more elevated, or more earnest aims, and we have no sympathy
with critics, who, in the belief that decency is outraged by the representa-
tion of crimes and vices on the stage, would not allow players and play-
wrights to show vice its own image, time out of mind the drama's
mission. In Shakspeare's ruder and more honest time there was a
common belief that these representations exercised not an immoral, but a
powerful and wholesome influence, and the famous old dramatist and
actor, Thomas Heywood, in his now scarce and valuable pamphlet, "The
Actor's Vindication," which, by-the-bye, we may be sure that Shakspeare
read, after saying, "The unchaste are by us shewed their errors in the
persons of Phryne, Thais, Flora, and amongst us Rosamund and Mistress
Shore," adds, "What can sooner print modesty in the souls of the wanton,
than by discovering unto them the monstrousness of their sin?" Pope, in
the same spirit, wrote:—

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen."

And Heywood gives practical illustration of the text in a series of stories
concerning murders discovered by the way in which the consciences of the
murderers were affected while witnessing—as Hamlet makes the King
witness—images of murders, similar to those they had committed. The
instances mentioned by Heywood belonged to his time, and were well-
known, and it is most probable that Shakspeare alluded to them in the
lines he put into Hamlet's mouth:—

"I have heard,
That guilty creatures sitting at a play
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaimed their malefactions."

MISCELLANEOUS.

J. E. UNDERWOOD.—The Welsh Harp.
AN OLD BLUE.—The story runs that the boys of Westminster school, having
had the worst of a battle royal with the Thames Watermen, got the boys
of the Merchant Taylors' School to join them. As they were marching
two by two for the place at which the Watermen were awaiting them, the
Westminster boys began to chaff their allies and call them tailors, where-
upon the Taylors' school challenged the Westminster boys to fight, and
having thrashed them, marched away, leaving their late comrades to deal
with the Watermen as they best might.

W. P.—Gilbert Burnet, Lord Bishop of Salisbury, wrote a long account of
the Earl of Rochester, from interviews he had with that nobleman.
Messrs Rivington published an edition of the work in 1827, which you
will find in the British Museum.

ALL WHITE.—The States of Holland and West Friesland published an
edict against the marriages of Protestants with Catholics in November,
1754.

GREGORY.—There is such a story belonging to the history of the little
republic of San Marino. Vincentio Dellambra was a peasant who lived
there in 1507, when the Venetians resolved to seize San Marino for the
sake of the port of Rimini, upon which they made a sudden and
altogether unexpected descent. The inhabitants fought against them
bravely, but after a bloody and desperate resistance were all either slain
or put to flight. The Venetians then marched against San Marino, where
the news of their doings had set every soul at work; men, women, and
even children, clearing and digging ditches, strengthening fortifications,
bringing in cattle and provender, &c. Vincentio was amongst the most
energetic and foremost of these brave workers, never pausing except to
snatch a meal at home, where he was the hero and god of his wife and
family. After the siege had gone so hardly with them that on the next
morning the final assault was expected, the event you refer to took place.
The powder in the mine was so damp that it would not burn, but in its
heart there was sufficient that was dry. If one man would sacrifice his
life for the rest the enemy's works might be destroyed, the final attack
delayed, and the expected relief from Rome be in time to save the place.
That one man was found in Vincentio, whose story is one of the most
affecting in history or tradition. His wife died of grief for his loss, and
they were buried together, at the expense of the Republic, in one grave.

G. C. B.—The vulgar rich person mentioned may speak of the Press
in coarsely contemptuous terms, and boast the ease with which he
"works" it to serve his own personal ambition, but we cannot on that
account find room for a long article intended to show how degrading and
mischievous the Jewish element is likely to be in the journalistic and
political worlds. There is strong historical evidence in favour of your
views, but it would be grossly unfair to denounce an entire race because
certain members of it are full of low cunning, and unscrupulously greedy
of wealth or power.

THE ILLUSTRATED
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1878.

BENEFIT SOCIETIES FOR PROFESSIONAL
SPORTSMEN.

No country has more solid reason to be proud of her
many provident and other charitable foundations than Eng-
land, in which may be found scattered broadcast through
the land asylums and institutions for the relief of all orders
and degrees of people, each associated with some branch
of trade or business, for we are, of course, excluding from
our calculations the more purely charitable houses of recep-
tion which have for their object the relief of the "indis-
criminate" pauper. The liberal professions were almost

the first to recognise the importance of making provision
for those of their belongings who might be compelled to seek
assistance owing to a necessitous old age or to the attacks
of disease and misfortune which crippled them early in life,
and there are no nobler charities than those which ad-
minister relief to what may be termed the lower upper
classes of society. Ranged below these we find that nearly
every description of trade is represented by organisations
for the welfare of those connected with it, and the power
of mutual benefit has received solid recognition if we may
judge from the number of institutions dedicated to the use
of the sick or unfortunate section of the community. De-
scending lower still in the scale of society, we find its
lower classes eager to take advantage of the means
afforded them of working together for their mutual benefit
in the hour of need, and year by year the bed-roll of such
societies is on the increase, so that no unit of humanity
(putting the inevitable "pauper" out of the question) now
seeks in vain for help and sympathy out of his own sphere
of life. With the increasing interest taken in the welfare
of the working class, opportunities for self-help have been
multiplied almost indefinitely, while the efforts of the de-
serving have met with substantial recognition at the hands
of wealthy philanthropists, who have given their time and
money to the development of schemes whereby the indi-
vidual willing to help himself in the days of comparative
prosperity may obtain the means for better encountering the
"uses of adversity."

We have been called a nation of shopkeepers, but it
cannot be denied that we take care to give ourselves
plenty of leisure for healthy recreation, and that by this
means the rust of labour is worked off, until we have
earned the character not only of being able to keep the
shop, but also of excelling in all kinds of healthy exercise
necessary to counteract the influences of a sedentary life.
In a word, we are as good at play as we are at work, and
it is highly desirable that every effort should be made to
preserve this healthy national characteristic. This we do
by encouraging all sports and pastimes having a tendency
to harden the muscle, supple the joints, and strengthen
the nerves; and for this reason strong exercise is in vogue
among us, and an endless round of amusements keeps us
braced up and in hard health during the entire circle of
the year. All these various sports and pastimes are in a
great measure dependant for their successful prosecution
upon persons professionally connected with their adminis-
tration, and these we may regard as the "professional"
element as distinguished from those who are content
merely with the gratification afforded by those amusements,
but who do not share in the labour and trouble required
to promote them. Boating, hunting, shooting, cricket,
and other kindred recreations employ a large staff of
assistants during the whole year, engaged either in pre-
paring for the season or in carrying out the results of such
preparations, and we see no reason why those who
minister to our pleasures in life should not be as worthy
of care and attention in old age or sickness than those
who minister to our necessities. It may be said that
business and relaxation divide the lifetime of the great
majority of our fellow-countrymen, and surely the one is
as important as the other, and much really hard work
must devolve upon those who do the drudgery in
either department. For this reason we have noticed with
pleasure efforts recently made to form benefit and kindred
societies among those connected with the business aspect of
sport, and perhaps the "Cricketers' Fund," may be cited
as the earliest instance of this species of institution.

However, we are mostly concerned at present, now that
"regular hunting" is on the point of commencing, with
advocating the claims of the "Hunt Servants Benefit
Society," an association founded some few years ago by
a few earnest well-wishers to the cause, and the end and
objects of which are sufficiently set forth by its "name
and title." We have called the attention of our readers
to this excellent society in previous years, taking up our
parable at the commencement of November, and we hope
to be permitted to do so again and again, so well satisfied
are we not only with the aim and end, but with the prac-
tical working of the institution in question. Hunt ser-
vants have exceptional claims on our benevolent inclina-
tions; for besides being peculiarly liable to accidents,
and occasionally to sickness through exposure to all
weathers, theirs is a life of which lovers of the chase
may be said to take the cream, and their calling is a
specialité as it were, which, if it does not unfit them for
other kinds of work, at least renders them less likely to
obtain situations in life, after they have been "drafted"
from service in the Hunt. The personal exertions of
many friends to the cause have made the "Hunt Ser-
vants' Benefit Society" what it is, but as its operations
take a wider range, in process of time something more
than mere spasmodic efforts are required to keep things
going, and the object should be to swell the number of
annual subscribers, now assuming very gratifying propor-
tions, but which should embrace a far larger number of
those who regularly ride to hounds. The patrons and
committee have been well selected, and the latter are no
mere "fancy" names, but those of gentlemen willing to
give their time and money to further the undertaking.
Those on whose behalf the society was founded, have
come forward with alacrity to subscribe their names as
benefit members, and not a few of these have experienced
the advantages of belonging to an association which
relieves the mental anxiety as well as the bodily pains of
those who have been compelled to have recourse to its
funds in the "days of darkness and distress."

The report of the Society, issued last summer, is before
us, by which it appears that steady progress has been
made since its promoters first took the matter in hand;
but though much has been done, much still remains to do,
and it is surprising to find that, while riders with packs of
hounds in certain districts seem to have been thoroughly
well worked and canvassed with an eye to securing sub-
scribers, other hunting districts appear to furnish but few
honorary members to so excellent an association. We
feel assured that the appeal of the Committee only requires
setting before the large and wealthy body of hunting men
to meet with their cordial support, and we are certain that
the money is not forthcoming only because it has not been
asked for.

With such an example before them, it seems passing strange that patrons of the turf, or its representative body, the Jockey Club, have not taken steps for founding a similar society for the benefit of trainers, jockeys, and other servants employed in the numerous training stables in England. We have on several occasions advocated such a measure, which we feel sure would meet with hearty approval at the hands of the many engaged in racing pursuits, who must surely have the welfare of their dependants at heart. It is quite incomprehensible that the Bentinck Benevolent Fund should be the sole source of relief for the many who have spent the best years of their life among racehorses, most of whom are to the full as deserving of help in old age or sickness as hunt servants. The thing can so easily be done that there is no occasion to enlarge further on the subject, save to commend to any one who may be inclined to put the matter into shape, a study of the constitution, bye-laws, and general working of the Hunt-Servants' Benefit Society. A better model in every respect could not be selected, and during the racing recess we hope to hear of the subject being broached, when the requisite machinery could soon be acquired and set in motion.

HOW WILD-FOWL COME TO MARKET.

By "WILD-FOWLER."

No. 4.—PUNTING (continued).

EVEN to this very day I cannot help laughing at the remembrance of my first single-handed expedition in a punt. I was determined to go, at all risks, arguing that it would be simply delightful to be there, all alone by myself in a punt, with a punt-gun, vowing mentally untold destruction to all the fowl on the Estuary. I saw already (in my imagination) heaps of dead ducks and widgeon filling up the sternsheets of my punt. I pictured to my mind the astonishment and unmitigated disgust of the professionals on beholding my triumphant return laden with spoils, and, when soberly thinking the matter over, I did not see at all why all that should not come to pass. I knew all about it, of course—had I not seen Sam do it? Well, then, what was to prevent me from emulating his deeds? Nothing. Then I would do it, or try, anyhow; and I did, and with the result that, to this hour, when the subject is brought on the tapis I cannot help smiling. But let me proceed.

First of all, and to begin with, old Sam would not let me have his punt-gun. He did not mind lending me his small punt, he said, as he was going with his brother in their double-handed one, but to lend me his old swivel gun he could not make up his mind, and after trying to persuade him by all sorts of arguments, vernal and otherwise, I got so sick of asking him that, finally, I voted him a double-dyed old fool, and told him so, and went my way to see if I could beg, buy, hire, borrow, or steal a punt-gun elsewhere. Now there was in the village a puntsman who had been for some time laid up with a fever, caught somewhere in one of the marshes when waiting for fowl, and to this man's abode I wended my way. I found him sitting by a roaring fire, made up of timber from some wreck, and he was, moreover, wrapped up in a couple of blankets, but, notwithstanding, the poor fellow was actually shivering and clacking his teeth with all his might.

"You don't look very bright, Simon," said I, commiseratingly.

"I does not feel very bright, sir," replied he, "but still I am a-gettin' on, I am."

"Oh! are you! I am glad to hear it, I am sure," but I thought, inwardly, that, judging from appearances, I should not have guessed it, or else Simon must have been "passing" bad previously, if his actual state was an improvement. Howbeit, I at once broached the subject of my visit.

"I want a punt and a punt gun," said I. "Old Sam is willing to lend me his punt and all her etceteras, but as for his 'bloomin' gun, he will not let me have her!"

Simon, in spite of his misery, could not help smiling at this. "The old idiot," said he, "never would lend her to anybody! She has never left his hands since I've knowed him. However," he added, "you can have mine, sir, and welcome; but you'd better take my punt as well, so as to have all the fixin's ready and all right."

This was very sensible advice on his part; but when I came to look at the "fixin's" I found that the paddle-string was missing, the punt's painter was gone, and her bottom was under two or three inches of water, besides which her little mast was split right in two, and therefore useless. Nevertheless, I was not to be done out of my trip, and in the afternoon, after repairs, solemnly, my chums came to see me off. The gun was loaded properly, Simon had said, when she carried ten ounces of shot. Well, that, we had weighed to a grain, and therefore I had every promise, at last, of being fitly rigged out.

Away I went, with three cheers from my companions.

"When will you be back?" they had asked me.

"Oh, early in the morning, I expect," I had replied, and they promised they would come down to the "hard" in time to greet me on my return, and to "help me to carry my birds!!!" Ah! ha!

I started, of course with my oars, at the rate of thirty-five odd strokes to the minute, whilst two old puntsmen grinned on from the shore. Evidently they thought that that could not last, and neither did it. Before I had been covering half a mile I relaxed to twenty, and finally settled down to very gentle work indeed, already feeling uncommonly warm, although the weather was most bitterly cold.

At the Point I caught a crab, and got in consequence thereof a very hard knock on my precious "knob" from the hard stock of the gun. Fortunately no one was by, and so I indulged in some protracted rubbing of the tender spot, and then set on again. The tide was ebbing very fast, and when I got in mid-channel I went along in rare style, soon getting three or four miles down. Then I began to look about me. It was getting dark, the tide was low, the flats were stretching around me as far as the eye could reach, and beyond the cries of some shanks, oxbirds, curlews, and herons, who were feeding about, no other sound was audible, and I thought it at first a not unpleasant feeling to find myself thus all alone in the midst of this utter loneliness. There was, then, no occasion to hurry, and I allowed the punt to float about in mid-stream, keeping my eyes about me on the watch for everything that would come my way. Had I been intent upon bagging shore birds, I verily believe I could have loaded the punt with all the known species, or thereabouts; for as I drifted slowly along the flats I literally passed hundreds, nay, thousands of birds of all kinds who did not seem in the least to notice me. In fact I was several dozens of times very severely tempted to bag a few of them, and more than once I collared my shoulder-gun with the intention of settling some particularly tempting lot; but I always remembered in time that I had come for punting—*bona fide* punting—nothing more nor less than punting; and therefore I ought to abstain from any other indulgence for fear of spoiling the chances of the big gun.

Ah! That *was* sensibly argued, if you like, and no mistake, as the sequel will show. Howbeit, as I was getting down the Estuary, I thought it time to practice a little paddling, so as to be ready when paddling would be needed in earnest. So I laid myself down and tried, and found that it was not very difficult work; the only troublesome points in connection therewith being, firstly, the acquirement of the knack of recovering without making a noise or splashing (but this, after a few strokes, I found was not an impossible accomplishment); and, secondly, the extraordinarily inconvenient position of one's head, which is terribly in the way somehow. If you try to hold it up the muscles at the back of your neck are soon very tired; you cannot lie on your face—your proboscis being in the way prevents that system from being comfortable; so you must turn your head, first on its starboard, and then on its port sides; and, on the whole, I do not think paddling would be chosen as a pastime *pur et simple* by anyone in search of a pleasurable sort of outdoor sport, were it not that the gun is brought into play with it. That is just it. It is the gun that induces men to put up with such hard work and discomfort.

Well, in the midst of my experiments, a rare lot of fowl passed overhead, and I became all attention; but it was then pitch dark, and I knew that, although the moon would eventually rise and make things brighter, I had a good hour and a half yet to wait for her appearance, and I do not think that in the whole course of my life I have ever found an hour and a half going so slowly by. No, not even when waiting for a sweetheart, with the thought in my heart that while I was thus being made a fool of some one else was, perhaps, enjoying the sweets of her society. It was simply awful. There I was in that blessed punt, waiting, and waiting, and waiting; and when I had been, to my mind, at least two hours at it, I found, on referring to my watch, that only a quarter of an hour had elapsed!

I began to feel rather dull—and well I might. I drank a glass of sherry—I was getting cold, now that I was remaining motionless; then I heard a shot, and that brightened me up a bit; then some birds passed over me at terrific speed, evidently disturbed; and, finally, hearing some fowl settling noisily somewhere close by, I ventured out of the creek to reconnoitre. They were then quite silent, and I remained still too, knowing full well that they were listening, very probably, in order to make sure that they were not to be molested; and, for some five minutes, I was thus kept in suspense. At last, I saw some dark objects coming down slowly with the tide, and I forthwith cocked the gun, and began professionally to "set" to them; but, as I drew nearer, I found, just in time, that I was paddling to half-a-dozen rotten old hampers, thrown overboard from some barge, no doubt!

What a blessing I was alone! thought I. Had anyone been with me, I should have become the laughing-stock of the wild-fowling community, when it would have become known that I had deliberately "worked" up in the dark to some hampers and seaweeds, taking them for birds!

After this little disappointment, I began to doubt my capabilities. After all, punting *might* require special knowledge, notwithstanding my previous doubts to the contrary. On the other hand, how foolish of me not to have noticed how quietly and silently the hampers and other rubbish were drifting to me, whereas birds always make some sort of noise, and indulge in some evolutions—Experience No. 1.

In the midst of my thoughts, and not very complimentary reflections on my want of sagacity (but the fact is, one gets so excited that one's eyes see things that do not exist; I firmly believed originally that I could see the birds moving, etc. etc. . .), the moon arose.

"Anyhow," I reasoned, "I have heard the birds settling somewhere about here, and they have not gone; of that I am certain. Now, I must make them out; who knows, I may have a rare sweep into them and, after all, go back ashore loaded with birds!"

Thus, hope again brightened me up, and I paddled, and paddled, and paddled, until I was positively reeking with perspiration, and really my exertions deserved a better reward—but no man can command success, he can but deserve it—this I did, I am sure, to the best of my ability, as I never worked so hard, so willingly, and so perseveringly, either before or since. Still, no birds could I find, and when I now and then listened for their sounds none could I hear.

I was broken-hearted with fatigue, hope deferred, and vexation, but this overcoming feeling did not last long. "Never say die!" quoth I, inwardly, "rest and try again." I accordingly rested, mopped my wet brow and neck, drank another glass of sherry, and waited for events.

This waiting business I found was the staple commodity in punting. He who can patiently wait is the successful man in that pursuit. Unfortunately, I was not endowed with any greatly perceptible amount of patience, and hence, I verily believe, by rowing and paddling about I spoiled two or three good chances, of which an experienced man would have availed himself, for two or three times I disturbed birds, of whose proximity I was not aware, by recklessly going on instead of listening for their charming sounds before proceeding to try and make them out.

At last I saw about three or four score of birds, flying very low, pass some hundred yards or so from me, and I knew by the way they threw up their necks that they were going to settle, *ergo*, they had not seen me, and at last I would have a chance! My heart began to beat very wildly. I seized the paddles and proceeded in the orthodox fashion to work up. I could hear them plainly, and soon I saw them. They were over a shallow, and I, being in the shade of the flats, had everything in my favour. I went on paddling as strongly and as slowly as I possibly could, but somehow, as fate would have it, I got stuck on the flat. I did not like to get off, fearing to disturb the birds, so I resolved to chance a long shot—they were at least a hundred and twenty yards off; so I gently turned the gun on to them, and pulled. Away they went, but, in my enthusiasm, I made sure I must have killed some of them, and I almost patted myself on the back, on the spur of the moment, at my successful beginning. However, with a terrible lot of trouble, I got the punt off, and when in deep water I rowed to the spot with all speed; but, to my great sorrow, no cripples or dead birds could I see, and though I had carefully looked all about the place, I had come to the conclusion that my shot had been a clean miss, when, to my utmost delight, I saw a bird on the mud. To land, to jump ashore with the cripple gun, and to sink up to my stomach in the ooze was the work of an instant. The more I tried to extricate myself the deeper I sank. Meanwhile the bird was going, but I, with the sporting instinct strong in me, even unto death, had the natural impulse and good sense of giving it both barrels. That done, I found myself in the mud up to my armpits, pretty well; and the position became, accordingly, critical in the extreme. Meanwhile the punt, left to herself, was slowly working herself loose under the power of the now rising tide, and then visions came into my mind of a paragraph in the papers wherein my sad fate would have been described in suitable colours.

"Food for crabs, by Jove!" thought I. "And this is to be the end of my punting trip! No luck! hard lines! Here is the darned punt almost free now, and I shall be left here to drown like a rat. Can't anything be done? Ahoy! ahoy! ahoy!"

"Halloa, there! ahoy!" sounded back in the distance—a very rough voice, but, to my ears, harps divine could not have had sweeter tones, for was I not to be rescued from a dreadful death?

"Here! this way, whoever you are, lend a hand!" I shouted with all my might. And soon the sound of paddles began anew, and it drew nearer.

"Where are you?" queried the voice again.

"Sam! It is Sam! Ain't you Sam?" yelled I.

"Yes; I be Sam! But who be you?" said the old fowler, a he drew near.

And behold him and his brother Jack, with their hoods on, rowing their punt up to mine.

Of the rest I know but little, and that little by hearsay. Old Sam put on his mud pattens and had a "job," as he expressed it, to pull me out of the grave I had made for myself. By that time my mouth was below the level of the "soft," and I had fainted, being smothered, in fact, as plain as smothered could be. Of course I was wet through and very cold, but the horny hands of wild-fowl shooters are rare restoratives to circulation of the blood, for I soon recovered, and found Sam vigorously rubbing me; my mouth full of sherry, mud, and salt water, and Jack (astern) was securing my vagabond punt.

"She is all right, anyhow," he soliloquised, "and now we had better be off since the young gentleman has recovered."

"Well," I said, thankfully, "it *was* lucky you came this way!"

"We knew you was out, and when we heard you fire," said Sam, "we thought we would give you a look up, in case you had had too many birds to take home single-handed!" And he grinned somewhat sarcastically.

"Ah, well, never mind," added I, rather penitently, "I called you an old fool this morning, Sam. I am now very sorry for it, and I should like to shake hands with you. You have to-night saved my life, as they say in melodramas, and I shall never forget it."

So we shook hands and then prepared for a start.

"But where is my bird?" remarked I. "I have had enough bother to get it, and I shall have it, anyhow."

"Where is it?"

"Why, there," and I pointed out its luckless carcass.

Sam got it and I have had it stuffed, and whenever I looked at it the remembrance of my first punting expedition came very vividly before my mind's eye, and I thought that it was not "all roses" in that punting pursuit which "brings so many wild-fowl to our markets."

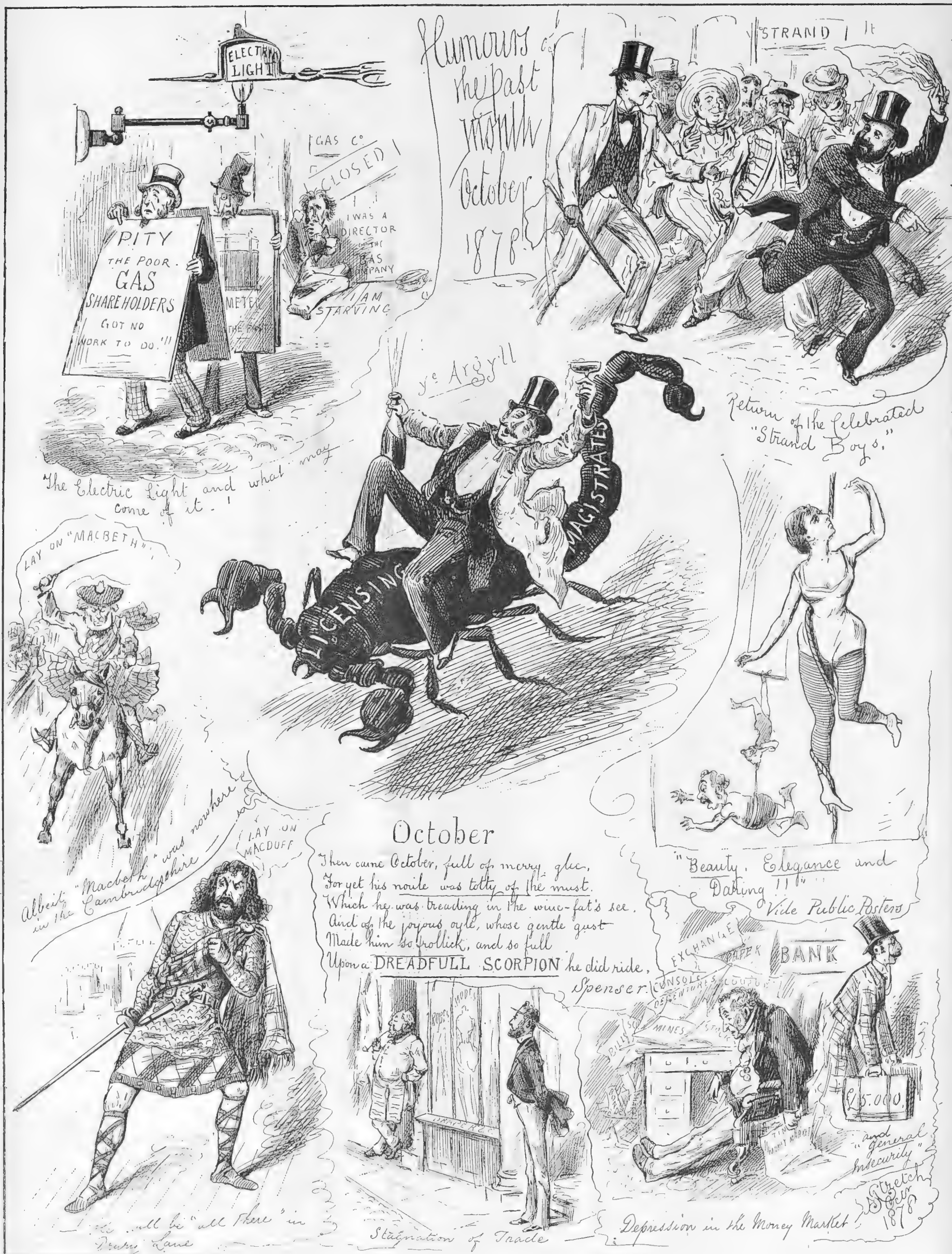
WEEKLY MUSICAL REVIEW.

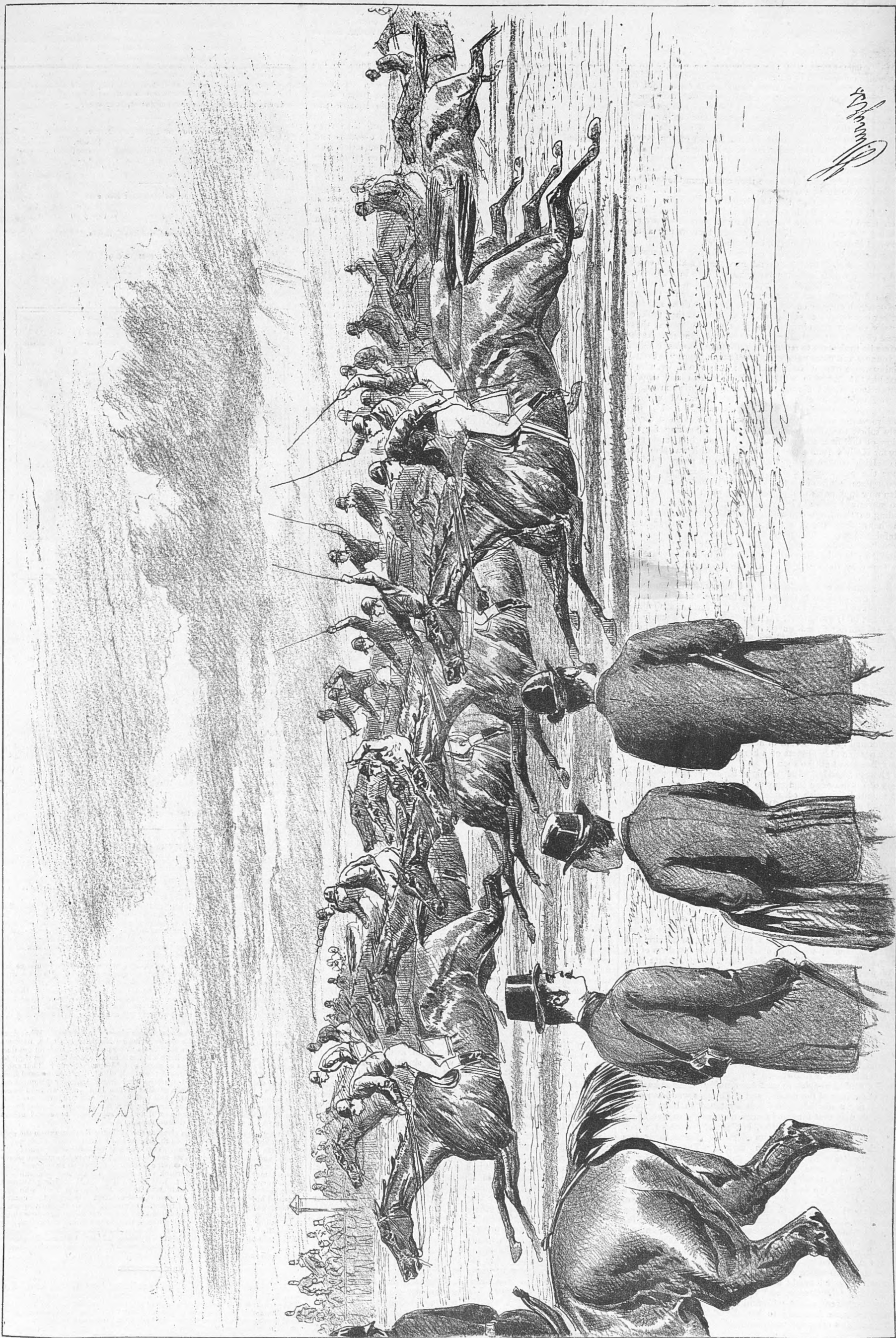
BOOSEY & Co., 295, Regent-street, W.—Spohr's "Violin School," revised and edited, with additional text, by Henry Holmes; the translation from the German by Florence A. Marshall, and two pictorial illustrations by Henry Holiday. Price 10s. 6d. net. This work does credit to the liberality and enterprise of Messrs. Boosey & Co. Not only are students and professors of the violin provided with a splendid edition of Spohr's famous "Violin School," but with "additional text" of the utmost practical value, written by one of the greatest among living violinists. The original work, written by Spohr, in 1832, has long been esteemed as the complete and absolute authority in violin teaching. Spohr's great powers as a composer for the violin, as well as a leading virtuoso among violin players, gave him an authority which was rightly exercised, and a host of our best violinists have owed their success chiefly to the instructions and exercises in his "Violin School." That work was stated by Spohr, in his preface, to be "intended more as a guide for teachers than as a help to self-instruction. Beginning with the first rudiments of music, it leads gradually to the highest attainments of the violinist, as far as such can be taught in a book." The editor of the new edition, Mr. Henry Holmes, while recommending pupils to study under "earnest and thoroughly competent" masters, points out that the work "will be of the utmost service to those amateurs who have played for years, but without having followed any good system, and consequently have contracted numerous faults and have never acquired just intonation and a proper management of the bow." With the modesty belonging to genuine talent, he refrains from pointing out the services he has rendered in writing the "additional text," which forms a large portion, and by no means the least in value, of the present edition of "Spohr's Violin School." Guided by Mr. Holmes, the student may study Spohr's great work with the same facility of appreciation, the same enlightened comprehension which would be derived from the oral instruction of a skilful and zealous teacher. Wherever the meaning of the original has been insufficiently explicit, wherever the insertion of a few lines could facilitate study, Mr. Holmes has been thoughtfully at work. In numerous instances scales have been prefixed to the different exercises; this, however, not to such an extent as to form an oversight of the author's plan, which secures in the construction of the exercises the necessary practice of scales. A new and valuable Appendix is given, which contains a table of scales in their extended form, with information relating to the *bravura* style of violin playing, not given in the original work. It is, however, in the able incidental notes, which (in small type) are plentifully provided for the elucidation of Spohr's ideas, that the value of Mr. Holmes's labours will chiefly be found. He supplies the place of a teacher, so far as that can be possible, and not merely explains the smallest mechanical details, but throws light on the higher intellectual graces of art. The excellent engravings, prepared under his guidance by Mr. Holiday, are useful additions to the original, and the text has been carefully edited. Many of our leading violinists have concurred in the opinion that Mr. Holmes's additions have so greatly enhanced the value of "Spohr's Violin School," that it must become the standard book for all violinists, amateur and professional. Messrs. Boosey must be warmly thanked for this splendid addition to modern musical literature. The handsome quarto volume, tastefully bound, contains between two and three hundred pages of matter, printed in the best style on excellent satin paper, and is not only instructive but ornamental. The English translation of Spohr's text has been fairly well made. To Mr. Henry Holmes hearty congratulations and thanks are due. His edition of "Spohr's Violin School" must henceforth be deemed indispensable to students of the violin, and will add to his own deservedly high reputation.

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W. P. Wood

THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE,—AT THE RED POST.

FAMOUS DRAMATISTS.

MRS. FRANCES SHERIDAN.

(Continued from page 133.)

ON the commencement of the performance a mighty uproar ensued, which culminated in so terrible an outburst when Sheridan appeared that the ladies fled from the stage in terror, and the scene before the curtain became one of the wildest excitement. It was soon found to be impossible that the performance should proceed, the curtain fell, the lamps and candles were extinguished, and at length the theatre was emptied. Ruin now stared the poor Irish manager in the face, for the Master of the Revels issued his order against the reopening of the house; whereat, of course, the victorious Galway party openly and noisily rejoiced. But their triumph was premature. Sheridan appealed to the law. His enemies believed that even here they could turn the tables on him. So they obtained a warrant against him for assault. The result of the trials was that the jury acquitted Sheridan without leaving their box, and finding his chief assailant guilty of riotous conduct. Lord Chief Justice Marley, who read both cases, severely denouncing the conduct of Kelly, sentenced him to pay a fine of £500 and endure three months' imprisonment.

Strengthened by this decision, on resuming his management Sheridan determined that he would henceforth make an end of the old custom, which had then long existed both in Dublin and London, of allowing licentious noblemen and men of wealth to come behind the scenes and attend rehearsals, mainly for the purpose of openly flirting or conducting intrigues with those actresses who either encouraged or submitted to the liberties they took, or of brutally subjecting to insults and positive ill-treatment those who were virtuous or proud enough to resent their conduct. At the same time he took steps to repress the riotous and lawless conduct of the younger and more unruly section of the audience "in front." The Galway men were at last intimidated; and as to Kelly, why it was just like the cur who would insult a woman and employ assassins, when, after suffering only a week's imprisonment, he wrote to Sheridan, humbly begging that he would use his influence to obtain a mitigation of his punishment. And it was like the romantic and noble generosity of the Irish actor to instantly solicit the Government on his behalf, asking for the remission of the fine, and offering to become bail and give security for Kelly's future good conduct. And it was also like the weak Irish Government of that day when it permitted him to escape the punishment which was so righteously and justly awarded. Escaping from his troubles and dangers, Mr. Thomas Sheridan now took pains to discover whose was the pen that had been so powerfully active in his cause during the recent conflict, and finding out that it was one wielded by Miss Chamberlaine, and meeting her at the house of his sister, Mrs. Anne Sheen, he was so grateful and so captivated with the beauty, liveliness, and intellectual accomplishments of this young lady, that forthwith there and then he fell in love with her. In the following year they were married by the brother of the bride, the Rev. Walter Chamberlaine.

The Sheridans were a very united and happy family, and our heroine had every reason to rejoice in the fortune which had made her a member of it. They had a pretty country cottage at Quilca; a town house in Dorset-street, Dublin; and a large circle of talented and distinguished guests who visited them at both establishments. Children were born to them—one girl, Alicia, named after the Hon. A. Caulfield; and another, Elizabeth, named after a literary celebrity; with three boys, Thomas, named after his father; Charles Francis, to whom the father of the first Lord Montjoy gave his name; and last, but not least in our estimation, Richard Brinsley Butler Sheridan (so named after the Earl of Lanesborough), born at Quilca in September, 1751. To the task of "expanding and forming the minds of these cherubs" (to use her own words), she eagerly devoted herself, with feelings of delight which was particularly intense when performed for the cherubs of her own fair sex.

But the peace and happiness of a home so cheerful and enjoyable was threatened all too soon.

Mr. Thomas Sheridan wisely confined his intercourse with the members of his dramatic company to the theatre. Some of the players resented this with considerable bitterness. They heard of his grand parties at home, of his distinguished guests, of his visits to the Castle, and of the feasts he spread, whereat the wines and viands were often curiously costly and rare. So they said one to another, "It is our genius, our daily studies and nightly labours that make these things possible. Who is Tom Sherri, then, that he must assume such airs of superiority over us? Are we not good enough to visit him, or to mix with his family?" On the other hand, Sheridan knew there were members of his company whose kindness of heart, charm of manner, sprightliness of conversation, wit, humour, and intellectual acquirements he regarded with the greatest liking and admiration. But he also knew that of these some were strongly tainted with the odour of that fatal haunting devil of the stage, immorality. Could he have failed, for instance, to admire and strongly like the most charming of all the female members of his company, sprightly, affable, vivacious, witty, kindly, gentle Margaret Woffington, she who alternately sent her hearers weeping to their beds and made them carry away sides aching with a long course of laughter—the quiet, demure-looking, graceful creature with whom more than half the playgoers in the kingdom were ardently in love. But then, knowing what we know of Peg, what gentleman would care to bring his wife and sisters into familiar contact with her? And ah! saucy, lovely, winsome as you were, dear Peggy, and much as, thinking of your talents and good deeds, we love your earth-purified memory. Although, to quote Hoole, "In every sense of comic humour known—in sprightly sallies wit was all thy own." And although—to continue quoting—"Thou knewest the noblest feelings of the mind," and "Thy ears were ever open to distress, thy ready hand was ever stretched to bless"; yet, Peggy, as we read that touch of pensiveness, easily enough found in your portraits, we fancy a bitter, but secret discontent, which probably found expression when you affected to disdain the society from which you folly excluded you, saying, "The conversation of women consists of nothing but silk and scandal." But for all her amiability, as George Anne Bellamy tells us, there was no mistake about the intensity of Margaret Woffington's jealousy and pride. Offend the one or arouse the other and you had to deal with the most fiery, wilfully, obstinate, and spiteful of women, whose rage and scornful sarcasms were the terror of the stage. Tom Sheridan knew this well enough, and when he heard of the growing dissatisfaction above-mentioned, he was afraid, and out of that fear came the most famous of theatrical clubs, the old Beef Steak, which was established to divert Peg's attention from the doings in the country-house at Quilca, and the establishment in Dorset-street, to which she was never invited. To this club, soon after, belonged nearly all that the metropolis of Ireland could boast of talent, rank, and fashion, and Peg Woffington was elected president of its "Committee of Taste." To make the distinction more flattering to her, she alone of all the members of Sheridan's company was permitted to join the club.

This was a stupid blunder on the part of Sheridan, and he, his wife, and his family, paid very dearly for it.

Amongst the superioir actors of the Dubiin theatre was Mr. West Digges, supposed to be the natural son of a nobleman, who had thrown up his commission in the army to join the stage, a proud, sensitive, handsome and talented man, who resented passionately the slight Sheridan put upon him in common with his fellows.

In the summer of the year 1754 Sheridan determined to place upon the stage of his new theatre in Smoke Alley (built on the site of the first Dublin playhouse), a tragedy adapted from the French of Voltaire by the Rev. James Miller—who was then dead—which was called *Mahomet the Impostor*. It had been produced about ten years previously at Drury Lane Theatre with success.

The time was one of great political excitement. The Irish parliament had opened stormily, and there was a savage and general outcry against ministerial corruption in connection with the Irish national debt. The public money had been withdrawn from the country into England, and the patriotic party furiously demanding its return, exasperated the Dublin mob until they were ripe for any mischief which their fiery demagogues might suggest. Under these circumstances you will easily understand with what a sudden outburst of violent feeling the audience in Smock Alley heard Digges, as Alcanor, recite with great spirit and significance the following lines:—

If, ye powers divine,
Ye mark the movements of this nether world,
And bring them to account, crush, crush these vipers,
Who, singled out by the community
To guard their rights, shall, for a grasp of ore
Or paltry office, sell them to the foe.

The theatre rang with loud and long-continued applause, burst after burst, and an encore was obstinately demanded, and, curiously enough, given. Afraid of the violence of the mob if he should withdraw the piece, and yet afraid to repeat it because nearly all his best and most powerful friends were on the Government side, poor Sheridan must have been sadly perplexed. Most of his company, too, were upholders of the anti-government faction, and he had to be just as cautious with them. However, he determined to let *Mahomet* be played again. That would please the mob, who might otherwise tear down his theatre; and, to avoid offending his friends and the Government, he called together his company to hear a lecture in the green room, in the course of which, with emphatic earnestness, he said:—

"I lay it down as a maxim that the business of an actor is to divest himself, as much as possible, of his private sentiments, and to enter, with all the spirit he is master of, into the character he represents; and this is an indisputable claim which the public in general have upon him. But if an actor"—and here we may be sure Digges straightened his neck and looked suspicious or fierce—"if an actor, in order to please part of the public, should by any unusual emphasis, gesture, or significant look (here Sheridan grew more emphatic than ever) mark out a passage in his part—which at another juncture he would pass by lightly—as a party stroke. He, in that instance, slips out of his feigned character into his natural one; than which nothing can be more insolent to the audience, or more calculated to bring disapprobation and disgrace, not only on himself, but upon all his brethren."

I can fancy the scarcely disguised scorn, triumph, and defiance with which after the lecture Digges strode up to his manager, his commanding figure erect, and his fine eyes full of fire, as with his naturally harsh, loud voice subdued in the intensity of spitefulness, as he states that he quite understands Mr. Sheridan's meaning, and believes that the entire lecture was prepared for his special behoof, and now he wants to hear, with no more beating about the bush, what he is to do that night if the encore should be repeated?

Poor Tom saw that he was taken at a disadvantage, recognised the ambushed meaning of the actor's question, and, with a sinking heart, dared only reply, in the most conciliatory tone he could adopt, "Sir, I leave you to use your own discretion."

I am quite sure that Digges turned from that answer, bitterly disappointed, until, with a smile of savage triumph, he remembered the awful power he had for bringing down upon the hapless head of this haughty upstart manager a terrible and utterly crushing revenge. He need only ignore it, and when night came, act as if Sheridan's reply had merely been just the one he intended to elicit.

(To be concluded.)

THEATRICAL PANICS.

THE fatal accident which happened at the Colosseum Music Hall at Liverpool is one which cannot fail to come home to many a London playgoer, for the Colosseum was, in fact, practically a theatre. If the records of similar catastrophes be searched, it will generally be found that a cry of "Fire," not a fire itself, has caused the loss of life, and that a *sauve qui peut* has done all the mischief. Nevertheless, it is impossible to reflect without a feeling of horror upon what might be the consequences of a conflagration in all the metropolitan playhouses. Theatrical architects seem to follow the example of their brother craftsman, who constructed a house admirable in all respects, but altogether lacking a staircase. The interior accommodation, the stalls, boxes, gallery, and pit, may be all that could be desired; but the approaches to the auditorium are almost always up and down steep, narrow stairs and along passages, which more resemble vaults than means of approaching or leaving the scene of entertainment. Indeed, in some cases, it is absolutely necessary to have a box-keeper or check-taker as a guide. In one of the leading theatres devoted of late years to the higher branches of the Thespian art, the means of ingress and egress are lamentably deficient, and in the case of a fire many lives would assuredly be lost in the better parts of the house; while, singularly enough, the occupants of the pit could almost instantaneously find their way into the street. Again, at a small burlesque theatre, the entrances to the pit, gallery, stalls, and the stage-door are next to one another. The consequences of a conflagration at this house are too awful to dwell upon, for the theatre merely occupies a nook or corner in a solid block of building. Then, again, in another theatre, also devoted to extravaganzas, the stalls—and there are many—are only reached by one narrow door communicating with the street by a flight of stairs and a long, confined passage. The winding tunnel of a third playhouse, which passes from a main thoroughfare under a second street before reaching the auditorium, is also dangerous to contemplate; but it is also fair to state that there are other exits which could be utilised if necessary. Of all London playhouses the Gaiety is perhaps the one which affords most consolation to the nervous playgoer. Situated in a square block, it is peculiarly fortunate in commanding approaches to four separate streets, while what is known as the "Royal Entrance" can at all times be, if required, made use of for clearing the house. The crush which occasionally occurs at Mr. Hollingshead's establishment, it must be remembered, principally due to those who hang about the principal door waiting for cabs and carriages, luxuries which in the event of a conflagration, it may be presumed, would scarcely be waited for. The Italian opera-house, Covent-garden, could also, despite its vast size, no doubt be emptied in a very few minutes, as the doors are numerous and wide.—*Whitehall Review*.

CHESS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. T. (Belfast).—We intend to write you a private letter. Any news or games you may favour us with will be acceptable.
A. FRENCH.—We are much obliged to you. Our correspondents will please to observe that the number of the problem in last week's issue was incorrect. It ought to have been 208 instead of 207.
Solution of Problem 206 by the Painter of Shepherd's Bush, D. L. A. (Harrogate), A. G., and Juvenis are correct.
TIGHT STAYS.—You may expect our answer next week.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 200.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. B to Q Kt 3. R takes B (best)
2. R to K 4 (ch) P takes R
3. R to B 7 (ch) B to B 4
4. Kt to R 3 (mate)

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 201.

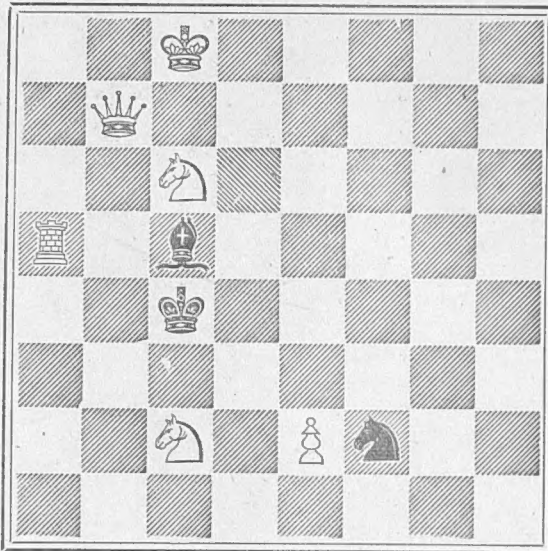
WHITE. BLACK.
1. R to K 8. Kt to B 5 (a)
2. Kt mates
(a) If either Kt moves Q mates.

PROBLEM 209.

By J. PIERCE.

(From "Chess Gems," by J. A. Miles.)

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

A PRETTY little game played a few days since between Mr. G. R. Dick and another amateur:—

[The Two Knights' Defence.]

WHITE. (Mr. Y.)	BLACK. (Mr. Dick)	WHITE. (Mr. Y.)	BLACK. (Mr. Dick)
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	12. Kt to K R 4	Kt to Kt 3
2. Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3	13. Kt to B 5	Kt to Kt 2
3. B to B 4	3 Kt to B 3	14. Kt to R 6 (ch)	Kt to Kt 2
4. Kt to B 3	B to Kt 5	15. Kt to B 5 (ch)	B takes Kf
5. P to Q R 3	B to R 4	16. P takes B	Kt to B 5
6. P to Q 3	P to Q 3	17. Q to Kt 4 (ch)	K to R sq
7. Castles	Castles	18. B to R 2	R to K Kt sq
8. B to Kt 5	Kt to K 2	19. Q to B 3 (δ)	R takes P (ch)
9. Q to K 2	P to B 3	20. K to R sq	Q to K B sq (c)
10. P to Q Kt 4	B to Kt 3	21. R to K Kt sq	R takes P (ch)
11. B takes Kt	P takes B		

(a) A good move, that gives Black an immediate advantage; the best reply was B to Kt 3.
(b) He has no resource.
(c) The brightest and shortest way to victory.

CHESS GOSSIP.

Captain Mackenzie arrived in New York on the 1st of October, and was most cordially welcomed by his numerous friends and admirers.

Mr. James Mason (of New York) has been suffering for some weeks past from a severe attack of small-pox. We are happy to say that he is now making a good recovery.

"The Ladies' College Club" (Little Queen-street, Holborn) played a match, on the 23rd of October, with the third and fourth class members of the City Club. Twenty-two games were played, of which the "Ladies" won ten, and "The City" eight, four being draws. Miss Helen Down, who lately defeated Mephisto in masterly, or rather mistress-like, style, was unlucky in both her contests, but was more than compensated for her misfortune by subsequently winning a game of Mr. MacDonnell.

We visited the Aquarium last week and witnessed a performance by Mephisto. This automaton is very ingeniously constructed, and plays with great ease and naturalness. It is, indeed, as perfect in every respect as it is possible for anything of the kind to be. Who is the manipulator thereof is a question so frequently asked of us, and so warmly discussed in certain Chess circles, that we are tempted, for the first time in our life, to gratify idle curiosity and solve the great mystery by answering, It is Mr. Smith! and who he is everybody knows.

Zed says there are but three real Chess players in London. What does he mean by real? Does he mean living? No, that can't be, because everyone knows there are more than three living players in London; besides, he would be one of the last to have a hit at Mephisto, and deny his right to the title of chess player. Does he mean by real—professional? That can't be, for there are more than three of them. Well we don't understand Zed. But why did he place himself last of the trio? We can answer this question, and thus: because he had been reading Byron lately, who wrote of some one being "last but not least," and with that quotation, remembered but not spoken by him, Zed solaced himself. Now we think our modest friend one of the best of the three he named, but his superiority to several others unnamed has never yet been demonstrated.

A very pleasant soirée was given at the Holborn Restaurant on the 25th of October by the Chatham Club, whose headquarters are close to the Clapham-road Railway Station. This club was established for social purposes, and numbers amongst its members some of the most eminent representatives of English Chess. On the occasion referred to sixty-seven gentlemen met together and partook of a supper which was admirable in every respect. The President, J. Watney, Esq., M.P., being prevented from being present, the chair was taken by Captain Hill, who discharged his duties in a modest, genial, and unaffected manner, that contributed greatly to the success of the entertainment. After supper the usual toasts were proposed and honoured, and some capital songs were sung. The following gentlemen distinguished themselves either rhetorically or musically:—Messrs. Friedlander, Skelton, Colbran, Holmes, Wingate, Strange, Griffiths, Hudson, Steel, Chamber, Abbott, Church, Mackrell, Dr. Brown, and the Rev. G. A. MacDonnell. A cordial vote of thanks was given to the landlord of the "Holborn," Mr. Hemp.

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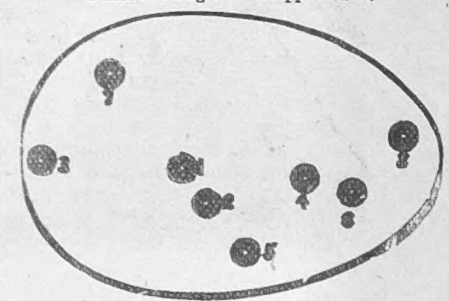
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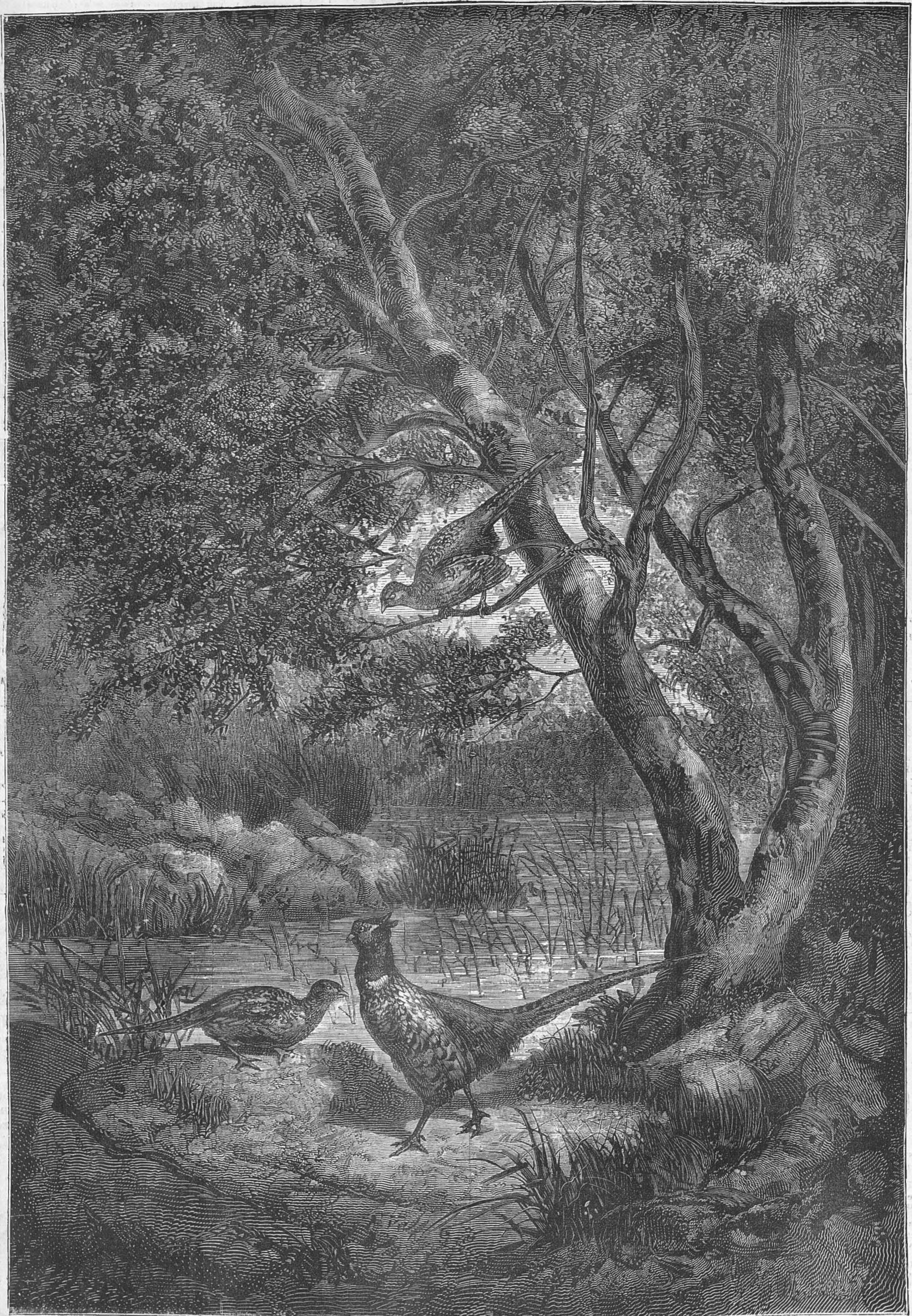
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